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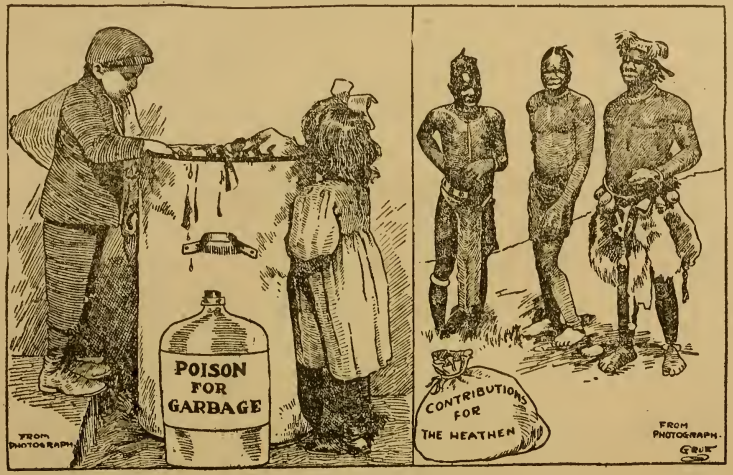
THE WAY THEY DO IN CHICAGO



While the Chicago Board of Health it busy spraying poison on the garbage which 10,000 people must eat or starve, there is great enthusiasm over a movement to raise hundreds of thousands to help the heathen.—Omaha Daily *News*.

(Above picture sent by an Omaha friend with the words, "Tom Watson started it.")

Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine

Vol. III December, 1909 No. 12

EDITORIALS

SOCIALISTS AND SOCIALISM

[Copyright, 1909, by Thos. E. Watson]

Chapter III.

IN THE character sketch of Herr Bebel which was published in *McClure's Magazine*, the statement was made that the great Socialist leader is not an educated man, and that he has "no great library."

He has been a man of action, regular in his attendance upon the Reichstag, where his duties as leader of the Socialist group were of a nature to demand the greater portion of his time and thought. Consequently, when he made the studies for his work, "Woman Under Socialism," he probably had to "cram" at the public library—not the best way to get the real good out of books. If he carried the volumes home with him, he could only run over them hastily, in the intervals of his active parliamentary labors. In consequence of this unsatisfactory method of investigation, and because of the fact that he formed his theory first and then searched for evidence to sustain it, Herr Bebel's book is so structurally weak that it is child's play to tear it to pieces.

For example, he dutifully follows in the footsteps of Engels, a Jew, in the matter of drawing no distinction between the moral standards of the Celt-Teuton race, *and those of the Oriental yellow, brown and black peoples.* A mistake like that is fatal to any theory based upon it. Engels had maintained that our mothers of remote ages had lived in sexual promiscuity with the male members of the family: the famous German, Bebel, actually believes it. With the greatest coolness imaginable, he virtually contends that the chastity of the German woman was gradually brought about by "private property". Under the gens system, the whole family lived on the plane of swine, and the mother-right prevailed; whereas, private property, needing an heir, established the father-right and the marital relation, (monogamous) and began to compel the married women to live purely!

It is difficult to discuss with patience such arrant nonsense.

What is the epithet which has always been considered, among the Anglo-Saxon, Celt-Teutonic men, the most intolerable of verbal insults? To be called, in anger, "*a son of a bitch.*" But Socialism has

so blinded Herr Bebel to elemental facts, that he deliberately adopts the view of the Hebrew, Engels, and placidly contends that we *are*, in fact, the descendants of "sons of bitches". Great heavens! to what lengths will fanaticism carry men.

Herr Bebel finds that the Church, the State, and monogamous marriage are obstacles to Socialism,—as private property is,—and he, therefore, patiently and laboriously digs at the foundations of all three. Having scouted, as utterly unworthy of consideration, the Biblical story of Creation, he advances his battery, and contends that the Bible merely regards the woman as a "part of the man's property." He derives this monstrous conclusion from the fact that, in the ten commandments, men are forbidden to covet their neighbor's wives, servants, oxen, asses, etc. He claims that, inasmuch as the commandment mentions wives and cows in the same connection, God Almighty meant that wives were as much man's property as the herds were! Typical Socialist logic! How about unmarried daughters and sisters, the widow and the spinster? These do not come under the head of "wives", and therefore could not, even by Herr Bebel's way of reasoning, be argued into the heifer and donkey class.

What an abominable thing it is to see the Bible misrepresented in this way—a book in which we find so many instances of the tenderness and devotion of husbands and wives. Considered as property, classed with the brute beasts? The twelve-year-old child that does not know better, ought to be switched.

She who sang the Miriam song of victory,—did the Jews have no more regard for her than for the yearling grazing on the range? Was the daughter of Jephtha valued only as a chattel? Does the Bible refer to Ruth and Esther, Rachel and Sarah with no more respect than it does to she-asses? Is Mary, the mother of Christ, spoken of in the same way that the inspired writers mention hogs, sheep, goats? Did Jesus conduct himself toward Martha and her sister as though he regarded them as mere brutes? Is Dorcas catalogued with the beasts of the field? It is horrible to find that such lies as Herr Bebel tells in this disgusting volume are greedily devoured by the enemies of religion and good government!

Says Herr Bebel (page 60):

> "According to Christianity woman is the unclean being; the seducer who introduced sin into the world and ruined man."

What passage of the Scriptures supports that assertion? So far as I can now recall, there's not to be found anywhere a single book, sacred or profane, which indicates that man ever did look upon woman as his original seducer, the cause of sin's entrance into the world. I thought that, among all men, there had ever been universal contempt for that trait of Adam's character which prompted him to "lay it on" Eve, instead of shouldering his own guilt.

It is true that both Peter and Paul were very far from being friends of the Suffragettes—but Christianity did not, in that particu-

lar, follow the precepts of Peter and Paul, any more than it followed Paul's example in discouraging matrimony.

When the Christian church had so much respect for Mary, the mother of Christ, that reverence for her soon ripened into adoration; and when the usefulness of the Christian woman, in spreading the Gospel, became evident at so early a period as it did, what possible excuse can there be for saying that, "according to Christianity, woman was the unclean being?"

Herr Bebel's statement is as false as Lucifer himself. Christianity has everywhere been *the champion* of the woman. In its strength, her weakness has ever found a powerful defender and protector. Into her life, it has carried solace and inspiration. In Christ's own appreciation of the good woman, men were taught by divine example how to esteem her. In his tenderness to the Magdalen, was a mighty lesson that ought yet to be learned and put in practice. Instead of treating women better than the Bible would have us, we have not, by any means, reached Christ's standard.

It is not a mere coincidence that, under Christianity, the position of women is higher and better than under any other religion of the world. Even a rabid doctrinaire, blindly wedded to his theory, might have been expected to weigh such a tremendous fact, before publishing the astounding statement that, "according to Christianity, woman is the unclean being."

Bless my soul! I was under the impression that even Socialists knew, that wherever Christianity goes, it makes the men treat the women better. *IT IS UNIVERSALLY SO, EVERYWHERE.*

In Mohammedan countries, in Buddhist countries, among peoples who believe in Confucius, as well as among those who are mere idolaters and nothing more, Christianity has gone to the rescue of the woman, *ALWAYS*,—lifting her often from a plane of brutal slavery, up to that of helpmeet and companion to the man. Nowhere, and at no era, in all the nineteen hundred and nine years since the dying Christ told his beloved John to be a son to His mother, has Christianity failed to be solicitous for the welfare of the woman.

It was Christianity that established Chivalry; protected the marital relation; frowned upon the lustful man who wanted to go, through the convenient door of divorce, to some other woman than the poor unhappy wife after she had, perhaps, worn away her physical attractiveness in the service of the husband she adored. Christianity encouraged the education of the woman, and gladly recognized her genius whenever she accomplished something notable in the fields of philanthropy, literature, science and art. It was Christianity that perfected the Caucasian Mother, to whose pious purity and gentle goodness,—sowing seeds in the hearts and minds of her children,—are largely attributable the characters of those noble souls who have irradiated the earth with their thrilling words, their splendid deeds!

Unclean? "According to Christianity", woman is "unclean"?

So foreign is this statement to the truth, that for centuries Christian men have not been prouder of any compliment than of being told that,—in tenderness, constancy, fortitude, courage under adversity, determination to live cleanly and to do good,—they resemble the loftier type of woman.

"Last at the Cross, and first at the Grave"!—is the immortal crown which Christian men place upon the brows of their fearless, unselfish and devoted sisters.

Why does the acknowledged high-priest of European Socialism find it necessary to make such a savage assault upon Christianity? It is because the Church believes in the State, in private property, and in monogamy. Christianity being an integral part of the existing order, which Socialism means to overthrow, religion must be assailed, and the minds of the people inflamed against it.

On page 321, Herr Bebel frankly avows his disbelief in the existence of a God. He employs almost the same words that we used to hear from Robert Ingersoll,—

> "It is not the gods that create men; it is the men who turn the gods into God."

Ingersoll had it this way,—

> "An honest God is the noblest work of man."

But listen to the babble of Bebel,—

> "The ruling class, finding itself threatened in its existence, clings to religion as a prop to all authority, just as every ruling class has done before."

The reasoner who does not draw,—sharply, clearly,—the distinction between the Church and the Faith, is no thinker at all. By "Church", is meant the organization, the corporation, the hierarchy! By "Faith", is meant the principles, the creed, the religious belief itself. Episcopacies, hierarchies,—*the Church*,—have rarely fought for the liberties of the people. These religious corporations have very generally allied themselves to wealth and power, to class-rule and governmental oppression. But *religion* never sanctioned wrong, nor encouraged tyranny. *Christianity* never conspired with Dives to scourge away, into deeper wretchedness, the Lazarus that lay at the gate. Socialists, like many others, are too quick to blame Christianity for the arrogance and the greed and the insincerity of individuals, and of clerical corporations. Many a professed believer and regular church-going man, is a wolf in sheep's clothing; but many a man who never holds a pew, has a deeply religious soul. It isn't every Christian who kneels and talks when he prays; or who holds his communion with the Almighty, in a crowd at the Church.

In my own books, I have lashed the criminal methods of priesthoods and churches with such indignant severity, that some people have taken up the idea that I am an enemy to religion. So often and so

bitterly have I attacked the hypocrisy and the general cussedness of "we Christians" that I have been cruelly misunderstood. My wrath is kindled, not at Christianity—heavens no!—but at the discredit, the odium, the degradation that we bring upon religion by *not living it*, as we should. We are brutal, where we ought to be kind: we are intolerant, where we ought to be indulgent: we knuckle too much to wealth: we are too intense, too unscrupulous in making money: we are too often moral cowards, who dare not speak and write and act according to the dictates of our own conscience. In a word, we don't practise what we preach, nor *live* the Christianity that we are eternally talking about. That's why I've ridiculed, exposed and denounced what "we Christians" do, or omit to do.

Let no young man believe for an instant that I have no profound spiritual feelings. I have. Otherwise, how could I have held my rudder true, during such tempests as those which have beat upon my head? I care little or nothing for narrow dogma: with no man will I waste precious time splitting hairs about articles of faith: but, deep down within me, and all through me, is the belief that the great Father entrusted me with certain talents; and that, some day, I must go and tell Him how I've used them.

When I see the arrogance and pride of priests; when I think of the fearful consequence of clerical interference in matters of State; when I consider the deceit which so many professed Christians practise; when I find the biggest rascals running into churches, as malefactors in ancient times fled to the cities of refuge,—to escape the vengeance which was hot on their heels—I *do*, indeed, feel the divine rage of a Juvenal, or Savonarola! But assault religion itself? No! a thousand times, no! If ever, in any moment of madness, I am about to do it, may a bolt from on high strike me dead, before so foul a deed is done!

On page 320 of his book, Herr Bebel argues that "*RELIGION WILL GRADUALLY VANISH*". Says this deep thinker, this social seer,

> *"Religion is the transcendental reflection of the social conditions of given epochs. In the measure that human development advances and society is transformed, religion is transformed along with it."*

Is that true? No, it isn't,—either as a definition or as historical fact. This chief priest of Socialism misses the meaning of religion, altogether. How can any one bring himself to believe that your spiritual life,—your relations to God, your resolute efforts to live according to the dictates of your divine instincts, and your obedience to what you conceive to be the will of your Maker,—is nothing more than a "reflection" of your social environment?

If religion were what Socialism claims it to be, the creeds would have been changeable in the past, just as Herr Bebel argues that they will be in the future. But what does History say about it? The overwhelming testimony is all to the same effect, viz.—that *in essentials no*

religion has ever changed. Industrial conditions, political forms, legislative policies, social customs and styles, material and mental states, standards of living,—all these run from one mold to another, with the giddiness of dry leaves caught up in the whirlwind. Like the sand of some beaches, the shore-line is in a continual process of being made and remade. Fashions, environments, mutuality of relations are one thing, this year, and another, the next. To the student who takes a comprehensive view, from the standpoint of lofty self-detachment, this old world of ours presents the appearance of the troubled, turbulent, changeable, fearsome sea.

But religion? It is a polar star. Its calm radiance is the same through the midnight of savagery, through the half-darkness of barbarism, in the early dawn of the semi-civilized, as in the blazing splendor of elaborate, complex civilization. The mighty monarchies of antiquity ran the whole gamut of social variation,—but not a creed changed countenance. China, Hindustan, Turkey, Europe have boxed the compass of industrial, political and social evolution;—but the stamp which Mahomet impressed upon Islamic religion is just as distinct, in its every outline, as on the day when he completed the Koran. A religion may be debased; superstition may defile its ceremonial, or paganism may stealthily crawl to bed with it—but never is it really changed. The mystic, from whose fastings, vigils, prayers and meditations came the exaltation and inspiration—or the delusion, if you will,—which produced the creed, was the spiritual Chief of his race, the soul of his people; and his work could not be bettered, by any man of *his* race.

Consider the religion of Christ;—it has known every possible difference of social environment, Oriental and Occidental, but it has ever been the same,—the same in its message, the same in its plan, the same in its letter and spirit—all the way from the fisherman's hovel in Judea, to Constantine's palace in Rome. True, there are antagonistic sects, and fierce differences concerning doctrines; clerical pride, and clerical greed for wealth and power, produce fiendish persecutions; cause torrents of blood to flow: but after all, the same Savior, the same moral standard, the same plan of salvation, the same essentials of dogma, characterize Christianity throughout the earth. Social conditions, transcendental or otherwise, haven't a blessed thing to do with it.

* * * * * * * * *

Now, let me go back a little,—back to where the high priest of Socialism traces the origin of the State. Bear in mind that we are dealing with a German who followed a Jew, in tracing monogamous marriage, and the womanly virtue of the Celt-Teutonic race, *to the establishment of private property!* Let us see how he accounts for the existence of the State. On page 272, he says,—

"With the rise of private property, antagonistic interests take shape within society; in the course of its development these antagonisms lead to rank and class contrasts, and these, in turn, grow into enmities between the several groups of interests,

and finally into rank and class struggles, that threaten the existence of the new social order. In order to keep down these rank and class struggles, and to protect the property-holders, an organization is requisite that parries the assaults on property, and that pronounces 'legal and sacred' the property obtained under certain forms. *This organization and power, that guards and upholds property, is the State.* Through the enactment of laws it secures the owner in his ownership, and it steps as judge and avenger before him who assails the established order. By reason of its innermost being, the interest of a ruling property class, and of the Government therewith connected, is ever conservative. The organization of the State changes only when the interest of property so demands. The State is, accordingly, the *inevitably necessary* organization of a social order that rests upon class rule. The moment class antagonisms fall through the abolition of private property, the State loses both the *necessity* and the *possibility* for its existence. With the removal of the conditions for rulership, the State gradually ceases to be, the same as creeds wane when the belief ceases in supernatural beings, or in transcendental powers gifted with reason."

Most people realize that the State does a good many things, besides protecting property. One of its great duties is to keep the peace between man and man, to protect the weak, to awe the criminally inclined; to regulate civil relations, to draw the line between personal liberty and personal license, to promote good morals, and to punish those who do wrong.

It is obviously ridiculous to say that capitalism invented the State, in order that property might be protected. Does not your mother-wit tell you that men came together in large groups, because of their gregarious nature, and their personal wants and fears? Man is, even now, but little more than a veneered savage, full of raging lust for violence and crime. Your enemy arouses your fury, and your very first impulse is to kill him. In the ancient days, when there was no law and no order, the barbarian obeyed this natural impulse. He attacked his enemy and slew him, or got slain. Terrible crimes, furious private wars, and sanguinary blood feuds marked those remote eras. (You see a survival of it in such feuds as that of the Hatfields and McCoys.)

Peace, progress and prosperity were made impossible by those conditions, and, gradually, large groups collected. To put an end to private wars; to conduct the public affairs of these groups; and to define the duty which each citizen owed his fellow citizen, and to the group,—*chiefs and judges were chosen.* In this simple act, and from those self-evident motives, the State—very crude at first—came into existence. *The crude organization which evolved the modern State, ANTEDATES PRIVATE PROPERTY.*

In Herr Bebel's own book (page 53, and those following) you will find him quoting Tacitus to the effect that, the Germanic peoples put the highest valuation upon feminine chastity, and practised monogamous marriage: also, *that the land was held in common;* also that the tribes had a rude, but effective, *form of government.* Yet this doctrinaire's mind is so thoroughly dominated by his one fixed idea, that *these immensely significant facts utterly fail to make the proper impression on him.* Fanatically determined to attribute every social ailment to his pet aversion, "capitalism", he reasons, in one chapter, that property-

owners invented our marriage system and established the State for the purpose of perpetuating capitalism; and then he toddles right ahead and, in another chapter, furnishes the proof that Government, Marriage and high moral standards were in existence *when communism was still the law of the tribe!*

Such obtuseness is wonderful. It proves how dangerous it is to form your theory before you collect your facts. Of course, if Socialistic doctrinaires put on green spectacles, and then go out to view the scenery, everything will look green—including New York politics.

At the time when the Romans came in contact with the Germanic peoples, and studied their form of monogamous marriage, their crude system of administering justice and governing the tribe, *there was no such thing as capitalism to be found among them,*—unless the ownership of a cow and a hog constitutes capitalism. Even a Socialist might hesitate to invite the derisive laugh, by contending that *the State* and *monogamous* marriage were created in order that the family cow and pig might receive distinguished consideration and protection. Unless Herr Bebel does claim that the Germanic tribes established their systems of marriage and of Government for the purpose of protecting the ownership of cows and hogs, *those facts which he himself cites play havoc with his entire argument in favor of free Love, Atheism and Communism.*

Herr Bebel says, on page 319.—

"Along with the State, die out its representatives"—from cabinet ministers down to the policemen and the constables. There will be no laws, no prisons, no judges and juries, and no criminals. This amazing man, Bebel, is so monomaniacal on the subject of private property that he claims it to be the source of all crime! Having argued that private property is the parent of both marital loyalty and public prostitution, he has the nerve to contend that the same tree bears the fruit which makes the prison necessary. Here is a man setting himself up as the herald of a new order, an evangel of a loftier creed than that of Jesus Christ!—and this renowned man seriously contends that "private property" produced the criminal! At least, his argument amounts to that, for it is evident that, to accuse private property of responsibility for crime, and to argue that crime and the prison will disappear along with private property, *is tantamount to saying that crime originated in private property.*

And yet we are told, in the Bible, that the first man born of woman killed the second, because of jealousy about a religious rite.

Do not the very children around the fireside know that crimes are common among human beings everywhere, and have always been, irrespective of how property was held?

Socialism, by giving everything to everybody, would perhaps put an end to some infractions of the rules of right. It is possibly conceivable that thefts would not be committed, and that arson and robbery would cease. But who can dogmatize on such an uncertainty, and say that every man, under Socialism, would be content with his

"share"? Who can know that evil inclinations and vindictive passions would be cast out of the human heart, by the collective ownership of property?

Would not rivals contend for the hand of the same maiden, and fight about her, as they always have done? Would not the seducer survive the abolition of private property? How could Socialism remove the temptation from the adulterer? Husbands would not be willing to resign their mates to the embraces of other men, under Socialism,—would they? What becomes of the quarrelsome and pugnacious men, under Socialism? The personal insult which leads to homicide seldom has any reference to property. Overbearing dispositions, uncontrolled desires and passions, cause most of crimes; and these can not be eradicated by any change of the social organism. They are inherent in our nature. The human tiger, bull, wolf, serpent, hog and hyena and bird of prey, will persist as they have done, during all the centuries whose records have reached us. When the high priest of Socialism contends that a mere change in the method of holding property, *will make a white woman secure from the lusts of the negro*, we Americans know that he does not understand what he is talking about. *He is dreaming, not reasoning; he is star-gazing, not thinking.*

To say that Socialism, or any other "ism," will wipe out race hatreds, national jealousies, and abolish the soldier and the prison, is mere drivel. Normal men are born fighters; the very girls on the school-ground despise the lad who won't peel his coat and wade in, when the other boy is imposing on him. What has "private property" got to do with traits that are elemental, and as old as the human race? I am as much opposed to militarism as any man that ever lived, but have never had any illusions on the subject of disarmament and universal, perpetual peace. The nations have carried the thing too far: the armies and navies are several times bigger that they ought to be; but it is just as unreasonable to expect the nations to disband all the troops, beach the warships and dismantle the forts, *as it would be to expect you to quit keeping a pistol or a gun in your house, for self-protection.*

The two cases are, in principle, exactly alike. The bad man, the lawless man, the man who hates you and will hurt you if he can get the drop on you,—you know him, don't you? *He is here; always has been here; always will be here.*

Life's a battle and a march,—with individuals and with nations. Dream of universal, perpetual peace, if you will: the dream is beautiful, but it will never come true. And while war marks the downfall of empires, it is likewise true that *humanity has to fight*, as it moves upward. The foot-tracks of modern Progress are full of blood—they are the battlefields, where the soldier gave his life that Liberty might live.

* * * * * * * * *

Herr Bebel takes the position that the restraint of sexual desire, at maturity, is very injurious to health,—especially to the health of the

woman. The apostle of Socialism quotes approvingly "from a book published in Leipsic", the following delicious morsel,—

*"The sexual impulse is neither moral nor immoral; it is merely natural, like hunger and thirst. Nature knows nothing of morals."**

This might apply to the fowls of the air, the beasts of the field, the fishes of the sea: it certainly does not apply to human beings. There is no shame, among the cattle of the pasture, at nature's performance of any of her offices: no such thing as modesty mingles with the instincts of the brute: but is our inborn shrinking from publicity, in doing the same things, wholly due to parental training and to custom? As the intelligence of the child developed, would it not feel the sense of shame which seeks seclusion, when nature makes compulsory the acts which among the brutes are not even noticed among themselves? I can not believe that so universal and so powerful a feeling as modesty, is due entirely to early training. No parent could, by mere teaching, *create* a reserve so intense that some women, and some men, will endure agonies of physical torture rather than have their persons exposed. I don't believe that there ever could have been a state of society when human beings had no conception of morals, no sense of decency, no capacity for shame. I just *can't* believe that our whole race was ever on a level with hogs and dogs, goats and cows.

But, after all, here is the point: What does Herr Bebel introduce that vile quotation for? *HOW IS IT ESSENTIAL TO AN ELABORATE ARGUMENT IN FAVOR OF SOCIALISM?*

Evidently, the purpose is to carry to his readers the conviction that our notions about morality are unnatural, and, therefore, injurious. "Nature knows nothing of morals",—and the inference is that good morals are solely the result of hurtful convention.

Suppose we admit, for the sake of the argument, that morals are the result of convention,—does it follow that they are hurtful? Would the human race be improved by the obliteration of the difference between modesty and indecency, chastity and lewdness, sobriety and drunkenness, marital continence and licentiousness? Does even a Socialist deny that the abandonment of accepted moral standards would mean the dissolution of Society, and the degeneracy of the human species?

No morals in nature? Then where did our ideas on the subject originate? We come by the instinctive inclination to privacy, and the instinctive preference for the unpolluted body, in the same way that we get our belief that it is base to lie and steal, wrong to murder or rape, immoral to fornicate or to commit adultery. Consequently, there must be some natural feeling on the subject. As a convincing example, take the act of child-bearing. What race of women that ever lived was so brutally immodest, that the individual who was about to become

* You will find similar statements in the *International Socialist Review*, published in Chicago, and in the Socialist papers of New York.

a mother did not shun publicity? Among the most degraded Indians, the squaw seeks privacy. So, also, among the lowest of all races, the native Australians. Never has any branch of the human family been discovered that had no moral standards—never. Therefore, the facts force us to the conclusion that nature, so far as man is concerned, *does* dictate to us in the matter of morals.

How will Socialism emancipate Woman,—the "slave" of the industrial and marital system?

On page 243, of "Woman Under Socialism", we find the glorious plan of salvation for our poor, down-trodden wives and daughters. Herr Bebel says,—

> *"The satisfaction of the sexual instinct is as much a private concern as the satisfaction of any other natural instinct."* [The sentence is put in Italics by the translator to emphasize the great truth.] *"No one is therefore accountable to others, and no unsolicited judge may interfere. How I shall eat, how I shall drink, how I shall sleep, how I shall clothe myself, is my private affair—exactly so my intercourse with a person of the opposite sex."*

Angels and ministers of grace defend us! Did you ever know such a thing to be put in a book? According to that, if Herr Bebel chooses to go about the streets, of a summer's day, in his shirt-tail, it is nobody's business but his! By the same token, a man may discard his clothing altogether,—as some religious fanatics actually do. How I shall eat and sleep is my own affair,—says the high priest of Socialism,—and the gratification of the sexual appetite is equally a private concern. "No unsolicited judge may interfere." No brother, father, or son may object. No official shall punish. There shall be "no unsolicited judge." (I wonder what he means by "unsolicited". Would the ruttish couple solicit a judge to interfere?)

Herr Bebel (page 344) asserts that bashfulness and secrecy, in these sexual indulgences, will disappear under Socialism. He says that after two persons have "married" in the easy, offhand fashion already indicated, they must have "untrammelled freedom" in dissolving the informal union. The moment they become dissatisfied, off goes the yoke. He calls this free mating, unmating, and remating, *the emancipation of woman.* Guileless dreamers! Their plan would give unlimited opportunity to the bestial lusts of man, and he would rove from flower to flower, with the freedom of the butterfly, and the insatiable appetite for *another* and *another*, which notoriously marks the libertine. Socialism, with its "untrammelled" dissolution of the nuptial tie, would entail swift, hopeless, loathsome, universal degradation upon our women. It is all that we can do, to give them partial protection, *now.* The obscene book and picture, the demon-like procuresses ever on the prowl, the devilish dealers in the flesh of women, the whorish man and the vulgar boy, the inconstant and cruel husband,—these are some of the foes of our sisters: and it is in vain that we exert our whole strength to save all of them from the bottomless pit. Their own blindness is one of the greatest obstacles that we encounter, in our struggles to save them.

But Socialism says, "Take away all restraint. Let every man who desires, and every woman who is willing, mate when they feel like it, and part when they are 'dissatisfied'. Gratify your lusts, as you do your hunger and thirst. It's nobody's business but yours! Eat, drink and sexually unite: tomorrow you die!"

God Almighty! What chance for salvation would any woman have, under such conditions? Paganism and savagery, at their lowest ebb, sunk no lower than that.

Herr Bebel says that the sexual appetite must, "at maturity," be gratified, or our health will suffer. What does he mean by, "at maturity"? As there will be no laws and no courts, under Socialism, and no crimes, and no magistrates, and no way to punish anybody for doing anything,—how will they prevent young people from gratifying the sexual appetite, upon arrival at the age of desire? As there is to be no State and no penal statutes, and no officers of the law, will not boys and girls be left to decide for themselves when they are "at maturity"? As no "unsolicited judge may interfere", who is to prevent the boy and girl from "marrying", as soon as each feels so inclined? Evidently, if no one has the right to interfere, indiscriminate and unlimited sexual license is to prevail.

Boys get hungry and eat; girls get thirsty and drink: if the sexual appetite is to be satisfied in the same way that we eat, when hungry, and drink, when dry; if the act is nobody's business but that of the two people engaged in it; if it is a private affair with which no "unsolicited judge may interfere",—won't pandemonium reign supreme? Such bestial orgies as would be the natural, inevitable, ruinous consequences of the adoption of such a doctrine, are too hideous to contemplate. Like a sheet of flame from hell, Socialism would devour the Home, and all that is purest and best in Christian civilization,—reducing all women to the same level of sexual depravity; for, where such a doctrine as Socialism holds is put in practice, wantonness would be the fashion, and the chaste would feel ridiculous. Where no law or fear of punishment deterred the "masher", the "masher" would be in the majority, and would pursue with lascivious assiduities, every girl or woman who kindled the lusts of his brutish soul. Wouldn't that be a lovely change to make—*especially in a country where we have twelve millions of negroes?*

It is a most evil doctrine to teach,—that of unlimited sexual indulgence. To eat makes one strong, to sleep restores vigor, to drink the right fluids in the right quantity, contributes to keep one robust: *but it is just the other way with the indulgence of the carnal desire.* Save in the legitimate relation of the sexes, the surrender to voluptuousness does enormous injury, saps physical and mental strength, for it is well-known that libertines are never temperate. The continent Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Henry, and Jackson each lived to a ripe age, in spite of the tremendous strain they had put upon vital powers. But Mirabeau and Skobeleff were rakes; and their systems were burned out, at the very time when they should have been

in the maturity of manly vigor. The great Russian general had a splendid physique and constitution, but *sexual excesses destroyed him at the age of thirty-nine.* The wonderful French orator was a physical giant, *but his passions consumed him at forty-two.* Yielding to his animal lusts, Marc Antony lost his ruthless energy and ability as a soldier: the weak Octavius easily wrested from his colleague's enfeebled hands the scepter of the East. Hercules at the distaff of a harlot, and Samson shorn of his strength by a Delilah, are examples which teach by allegory, what all the world has thought about this thing,—*until the Socialists came along and told us that we must close our eyes to facts.*

In Rousseau's "Confessions", he states that he seldom followed his animal inclination in that direction, because he found that to do so lessened the vigor of his mental action. But doesn't everybody know that? The herculean Danton lost out, because of his excessive attention to his young and beautiful bride. The voluptuary allowed smaller men to pull him down—almost without a fight. It was the same with Nero, who, before he abandoned himself to bestiality, had given the Roman Empire five years of splendid rule. Byron was burnt out at thirty-six. Peter the Great, a magnificent specimen of physical perfection, who ought to have reached the age of eighty-five or ninety, died of excess at fifty-one. Had Marshal Saxe been as continent as Marlborough, his triumphs and fame might have been as transcendent. Had the Duke of Vendome not wallowed in sensualities which can not be described, his triumphs and his renown would perhaps have surpassed those of Turenne. Caesar accomplished nothing until he ceased to sow his "wild oats": and the shameful, premature death of Alexander the Great was due as much to the woman as to the wine. Hannibal was extremely temperate in all pleasures of the senses; and so was Napoleon, until after he discarded the wife of his youth, and took that Austrian strumpet, instead. Then he became licentious and fat,—*and went to his Waterloo.*

Even among the American Indians and the African negroes, the hunter and warrior abstained from women, during a certain period, before starting upon an expedition which required all his mental and physical powers. You will find it intimated in the books that the famous General Lannes might not have died of his wounds, had he not sexually exhausted himself, the night before, in Vienna.

So rapid is the consumption of vitality, in the indulgence of this "natural appetite", that public women perish in a frightfully short time. They last from five to fourteen years.

Who are the stalwart leaders of the world today,—leaders of thought and of achievement? Are they the debilitated roues, or the dissipated young patrons of prostitutes? Not a bit of it. The giants who are battling with wrong, scaling the mental heights, remaking the earth as doers, electrifying nations as talkers,—are those wiser men *who have conserved their strength and splendid manhood, by restraining sexual passions.* It is damnable to tell our young men and

young women that they will injure their health by living clean lives! It is shameful that any cult should hold that it is as good for the brain, the soul and the body to yield to carnal promptings, as it is to satisfy hunger and thirst.

The same Capua, which wilted the rugged strength of Hannibal's army, can be found by every individual, male and female; and it will do for the individual what it did for the army which had been so invincible that Rome was shaken to her foundations.

Catherine de Medici, one of the worst of women, was one of the ablest: she held the reins of power by enfeebling her sons. How did she manage it? She set fascinating and lascivious young ladies upon them. Her court beauties, her "Light Brigade", constituted a part of her statecraft. She came very near enervating Henry of Navarre, in the same manner: the gallant Henry realized his peril, and fled the harem.

When the coldly treacherous Metternich desired to render it impossible for Napoleon's son to be "a chip off the old block", what did the crafty old devil do? *Plied the boy with lewd women.* The youth did not know what Metternich so well knew,—that the indulgence of that "natural appetite", when young, undermines the foundations on which the superb strength of glorious manhood is meant to be reared.

In all my readings and researches, never have I come upon the slightest evidence that Napoleon had ever touched a woman until he, at the age of twenty-six, married Josephine. His vital force was concentrated in the making of bone and sinew and brain, and hence the leopard-like celerity of his spring, the lion-like strength with which he could hold what he had clutched. In mind and body, the man was adamant. But his son, poor lad! was seduced, *sunk into a sensuality that withered him like fire*, and was dead at twenty-one.

Many a girl, nowadays, glides unsuspectingly into the arms of a husband who is already a wreck of a man. She discovers it soon enough, but it is too late. Each of these unhappy wives could mournfully ask of her mate, "What did you do with your manhood?" And the poor wretch, if he spoke the truth, would have to answer, "I was a fool. I laid my head in Delilah's lap; and this is what she did for me. My strength is gone. Never more to me will come the leap of purpose, the rush of energy, when Duty sounds her clarion call. Never shall I do what I dreamed of doing; never shall I lead the way in the effort to accomplish something good and great,—with valiant, eager thousands confidently following the lead of my white plume!"

Licentious young man! Listen to me! Put on the brakes! Stop the train! If you don't shackle those passions of yours, *and keep them in chains*, you are headed for a wreck!

To eat, *puts virility into you*—to do what Socialism diabolically urges, *takes it out.* Be pure, in thought and word and deed,—unless you want to pay the penalty of which nature, *inexorably*, demands payment.

* * * * * * * * *

So then, the existing order,—social, political, industrial and religious—is to pass away. In the new dispensation, under Socialism, the restraints yield to indulgence, the strong hand of the law is relaxed, *the State perishes and religion dies.* No police in the cities, no constabulary in the country, no courthouses, no jails, nobody empowered to punish anybody, no crimes, "each man chooses his own work", each couple come together in sexual gratification just as they go to the dinner-table when the bell rings: no secrecy, no shame, no self-denial; each couple to uncouple, when either of the two becomes "dissatisfied"; the Digger Indian, Cantonese Chinaman, Hindoo ryot, Egyptian fellah, American bum, and bestial negro, *to be the equal in every way of the proud, masterful, progressive Aryan.*

Wouldn't "Society" be in a pretty mess, with no laws, courts, penalties and prisons to threaten the type of human beast that organizes the white slave traffic: that type of woman who does the slaver's dirty work; that type of man whose chief delight it is to pollute some dainty, virtuous girl, or degrade some beautiful wife; *that man who just won't work, and is strong enough to rob the weaker men who do;* those men who have inordinate greed for power and precedence? With no fear of punishment to check him, where would be the limit to the depredations of that large class who, according to Lombroso, have diseased, vicious brains, and are therefore cursed with uncontrollable impulses toward crime? The drunkard, the libertine, the ravisher, the drug-fiend, the overbearing, quarrelsome and combative; the envious, jealous and malicious; the strong and brutal who find savage pleasure in imposing on, mistreating and beating others,—*Socialism would have absolutely no machinery enabling it to deal with these classes.*

Even were some nation to go mad, and adopt Socialism as an experiment, the consequences would be so frightfully different from the dreams of these ideologists, that communism would have to be abolished again, just as every progressive race abandoned it ages ago.

(Next, we will examine the Karl Marx book "Capital". It is the Bible of the new religion which is to drive out Christianity. Perhaps the premises and fundamentals upon which Karl Marx built can be shown to be as false as those of Herr Bebel.)

INTEREST

YOU GO into some field of industry, take hold of some task at manual labor, and earn fifty dollars by working, say, fifty days.

Very well. No one questions your right to your Reward—your wages. The Laborer is worthy of his hire.

"So say we all, Daniel Dennis, Foreman."

Now, then, let us reason together.

While you have been toiling and moiling for fifty days to earn that fifty dollars, some other son of Adam has been loafing around.

He has been a drone while you have been a bee. In vain the school-boys declaimed to him, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard."

What *he* wanted to do was to stand all the day idle, and to wag his fretful tongue at every Success that stepped briskly down the pike. And he did it.

Now you, in the meanwhile, had been transmuting the honest sweat of toil into gold. God said, in the beginning, *that it SHOULD BE SO.*

You were happy while you worked, for *the only man who EVER sips happiness in this world, is the man who loves to work, and who is doing the work which he loves to do.*

No Idler was *ever* happy. No Loafer *can ever be happy.* Such unfortunates are a nuisance to themselves, as much so as they are to others. *God made the world just that way.*

WORK—say the stars; *WORK*—say the ocean currents and the whistling winds; *WORK*—says the life-principle of Nature, the sap in all trees and flowers, the bounding blood in every human vein.

WORK—without *haste*, but without *rest*—is *THE PASSWORD* which the Law of Creation demands, at the entrance of every door of Triumph.

You gave the password; to *you* the door swung open; and to you, *you* came the *REWARD.* So.

Now, you had a perfect right to use your fifty dollars, for *your own pleasure, or profit.*

But either the Loafer, or some worker, ambitious to *multiply his gains* by increasing *his capital*, comes to you and says:

"Let me use your Reward, for *my pleasure and profit.*"

Why should you do it?

By what right does any fellow man ask of you the use, for *his* pleasure and profit, of that which you need *for yours?*

There is no such right anywhere under the sun.

Consequently, you say to the applicant:

"What inducement do you offer me? What am I to get for allowing *you* to have the benefit of my toil, my fifty days of labor?"

The applicant makes his offer, and you name your terms. Your minds finally run together, and a contract is born.

That contract, by which the applicant secures for himself the use of your hard-earned money, is called a *Loan;* and *the Inducement,*

which persuades you to let him have the pleasure and profit of what is *yours*, is *INTEREST*.

Viewed in this way does *Interest* appear so very unnatural and unjust?

Suppose you made a law forbidding Interest—what would be the very first consequence?

No poor man would get the use of a rich man's Capital.

America is chock full of rich men, *who were poor boys at the start*, and who owe their rise in life to the fact that *they got the use of the rich man's money.*

Could they have got it without offering some inducement? Could they have got it without Interest? Certainly not.

Without that Inducement, the rich would use their money for their own pleasure and profit. The poor and the needy would never be able to borrow a dollar.

My own start in life was made on a *twelve per cent.* loan.

Had I not offered twelve per cent. interest, the loan would not have been made.

By offering twelve per cent. interest, the loan *was* obtained; and I was enabled to make the first payment on one of our old Homesteads, which I wanted as a home for my father and mother, in their old age.

This Loan was the first rung in the ladder. Without it, I do not, even now, see how it would have been possible for me to have accomplished my purpose.

Therefore, I have always been deeply impressed with this fact:—*Interest enables the poor to use the capital of the rich, gives the poor boy a footing on the stairway which he wants to mount, saves the distressed from shipwreck, SUCCORS THE WEAK, AND ADDS TO THE STRENGTH OF THE STRONG.*

Even the millionaires, like Belmont, Morgan, Ryan and Gould, *borrow money*,—billions of it.

Why? *Because it pays.*

They get the use of the other man's capital, *AND MAKE MORE OUT OF IT THAN HE COULD MAKE.*

Yes, they borrow his money, pay his Interest, and *POCKET THE PROFIT ON THE TRANSACTION.*

Dear friend, lose no time fighting *Interest.*

Clear your head of the idea that *legitimate Interest* devours anybody.

That sort of talk is nonsense—arrant and utter nonsense.

Where *legitimate Interest* has been a curse to one man, *it has been Salvation to tens of thousands.*

TOWARD THE LIGHT

WHEN SIR WALTER SCOTT was lying on his death-bed, he was very calm and resigned; he had always been a kind-hearted man; had always been a gentle man,—and so when he came to die, he was not afraid. He had worked wonders, in his way. The tireless hand, pushing the pen, which a neighbor had seen through the window that morning in Edinburgh, had written on, and written on, until the books had grown into a library, and all the world was reading—even as it does today.

He had toiled much, enjoyed much, suffered much,—and the last time that the old litterateur had gone to the polls, he had been hooted by his neighbors, his vote having been antagonistic to theirs.

Then he went back to Abbotsford, sorrowing; and soon afterwards laid him down to die.

His son-in-law was Lockhart, an author of world-wide fame himself, but a different sort of man. He was bitter and cynical; had slight capacity for friendship; appeared to take a delight in giving poisoned wounds; had numberless feuds, and no reconciliations; had few intimates and few friends; and faced, with inflexibility and scorn, a host of enemies.

As the misanthropic Lockhart leaned over the death-bed, the dying Scott said to him:

"Be a GOOD man, my dear; be a GOOD man. It is the only thing that can give you comfort, when you come to lie here."

Not riches, not place and power, not fame, not great deeds of any sort,—only the *good* works, they alone, can soften the pillow for the dying head.

Sent into this terribly complex life, by the unknown and unknowable, we are cursed by the universal sin, and must *struggle*, if we reach the light. Something within us tells us that it is better to do right, better to be honest and true, better to resist evil than to embrace it.

We can not help the occasional fall,—we are just human, with hearts that are desperately wicked. But we *must not stay down.* That's the point,—*WE MUST NOT STAY DOWN.*

When I was a young man, twenty years old, I entered my first political fight, a petty local affair. With all the hot zeal of inexperienced youth, I worked for victory. Our side got the worst whipping you ever saw. Awfully cut up about it, I was sitting on the sidewalk, filled with despair, believing that I was ruined. An older man, seeing my distress and sympathizing with it, said to me:

"Rise, and come again!"

Immediately, the load was lightened, and the fit of blues soon passed away.

Ever since then, that word of encouragement has never ceased to be

a benefit to me. After every one of my many defeats and falls, there would come the momentary collapse. "What's the use? Fate is against you. You are attempting the impossible. You don't amount to a row of pins, anyway. Tender your sword. You are down and out."

So whispers the evil spirit, and it almost gets me sometimes—but not quite.

Always I hear the words of George McCord (dead these many years ago), "*Don't give way to it. RISE, AND COME AGAIN.*" So, I brush the dust off, bandage the wounds, and go at it again.

When I come to face my Father, I want to be able to say to Him:

"Father, take pity on me—it was you who made me just what I was. With all my raging passions and disfiguring imperfections, you sent me into the wicked world, where there was so much that I could not understand. I know that I've sinned, deeply and repeatedly, but, oh, my Father! I did try to please you. Often guilty of wrongdoing, I strove ever to get right, and stay right. I've done the very best I could —to be a just man, a high-minded man, a pure man, a good man."

If, at the end of the chapter, I can still say *that*,—as I *can* up to now,—I won't be the least bit afraid of Him. I know, in my inmost soul, that He will forgive me for the sins that I could not help committing, and that He will not doom me with His eternal, implacable frown.

Open Season

By Ada A. Mosher

O little brown mother with throbbing throat,
There's a breaking heart in your single note:
Far the Herod-law sends them forth to kill;
O little brown mother, sit still; sit still.

Cuddle them close, O little brown mother;
Don't let them whisper a cheep to each other;
Under your heart keep them still as death:—
They are searching—searching with panting breath!

Sch——! little mother-bird, make no sign;
You say your own prayer and I'll say mine
To the sparrow's God. He has heard our cry!—
Little mother, they've passed—they have passed you by!

IT COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR

CHRISTMAS is in the air.

You can feel it in the nighttime, when you hear the chickens weirdly crow, as they do not at any other season.

You can feel it in the daytime, as you note the loosening of the close-fitting harness of business and social forms; as you listen to the ring of small voices of the children who step more briskly down the street, and cluster in more harmonious groups; as you see the tendency of Man, the Savage, to throw off the light costume of restraint and civilization, and to let slip, once more, the lustful inclinations of the original savage.

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Yes, there's a feeling of Christmas in the air.

What sort of feeling does *that* put into your heart, my brother?

Does it not melt you to think of the dim years when you were a bright little boy, and when you tiptoed into the parlor at daybreak to see what Santa Claus had put into your stocking?

Long before the sun had thought of getting up, *you* were up,—you and your little sister—and into the half-dark parlor you went, almost in fear as well as in hope, for the white stockings, hanging stiffly there in the fireplace, seemed the least bit ghostly.

In that grey dawn how happy you were to empty the stocking and find that, by some mysterious chance, Santa Claus had brought you just what you wanted.

Since then, has purer joy ever filled your soul? Has life given you sweeter moments?

No; the exquisite enjoyment of that early morning is something that Providence never gave to you, again.

Do you remember the vague pain that smote you, when you had grown large enough to be told, that there was no such Benevolent Friend of all the little children as Santa Claus?

* * * * * * * * *

What was the next great event and happiness of your life?

When the sweetheart to whom you had been awkwardly, timidly, making love, let you "cut out" all the other boys, and walk home with her.

Weren't you proud?

And *wasn't* she pretty?

Those clear, pure eyes; those rosy cheeks; those smiling lips; that wealth of glossy hair; those pearly teeth—heavens! how you worshiped her!

Would you have swapped places with a King, that day, when she first accepted your invitation to a buggy-ride?

When she came close to you, and pinned the hyacinth or the violet to your coat-lapel, your heart went pit-a-pat; and you held your breath, till the dainty boutonniere was fixed.

And when you had worn the flower till it had wilted, you reverently

laid it away in some book,—didn't you? *And you have them yet*—nor is there gold enough in all the world to buy those faded flowers!

After ever so long a time, as *you* thought,—*ages*, it seemed to your impatience,—she said "*Yes*"—and let you kiss her.

Wasn't *that* a glorious night?

You walked on air as you went back to your home, didn't you?

You were in such a state of happy exhilaration that you couldn't sleep.

MERRIMENTS OF YULETIDE

Are you ashamed to admit that deep down in your heart was a tender thankfulness to the God who had blessed you with the love of so good a woman?

* * * * * * * * *

Ah, well—you married her, and you two commenced the upward struggle, together.

How hard the climb of the hill! What labor there was; what disappointments; what days of bleak despondency; what nights of black despair.

In that terrible climb of the hill, did you neglect your wife?

Did you fail of that tender consideration which was her due?

Did you sometimes bring your clouded face and soured mind to the fireside, and morosely impose your own sufferings upon *her?*

Were those sweet lips made to tremble, in mute pain?—those fond eyes to shed secret tears?

Happy the husband who can say, "*I* never did." Wretch that I am —*I* could *not*.

* * * * * * * * *

After awhile, children came to you. Then were renewed the delights of Christmas Eve and Christmas Morning. To settle upon what should be bought for the children's stockings; to smuggle these selections into the house; to watch the little ones hang up their stockings; to hear their guesses and speculations as to what Santa Claus would bring them; to listen to the naive "I hope Santa Claus will bring *me*" so and so; and then, after they had cuddled down, were sound asleep—*do you remember how you and your wife went back into the room where the stockings hung?* There was pleasure in it,—and yet there was sadness, too.

It was late in the night when you were acting Santa Claus for your little ones, and it was time for sober thoughts.

Would *next* Christmas Eve find *all* the stockings hung?

Would *three* merry voices mingle in the hubbub over the gifts of Santa Claus, and would *three* happy little faces shine, as they came running to you with: "*See what Santa Claus brought me?*"

Or, upon *next* Christmas Eve would you be sitting alone, by the dying fire, racked with a pain that would never, never, lose its power to torture—because, upon *this* Christmas Eve, there were but *two?*

* * * * * * * * *

The years pass, pass, pass,—and, now, you're on the Western slope of the hill.

The wife who climbed the hill with you, is still at your side.

No matter who else failed you, she did not. No matter who else found fault with you, she never did. If ever she spoke to you unkindly, or served you reluctantly, or fell short of perfect wifely devotion, you did not realize it.

How can you reward this noble wife?

Will you not prove to her that you *appreciate* her?

Will you not bring to her that splendid *loyalty*, which a proud woman prizes more highly than a miser prizes gold?

In word, in thought, in deed, will you not be as true to *her*, as she has been to *you?*

Will you not prove by the unfailing tenderness with which you minister to her happiness, *now*, the depth of your Remorse for your shortcomings, in those early years?

Will you not call back the spirit of the days of your courtship, and be just as proud of her kiss, just as happy to take her in your arms, as on that glorious night when she promised to be yours, and yielded her queenly lips to your kiss?

But, perhaps, *you* are of another sort. Perhaps, *you* think all this very silly.

Maybe, the softening touch of the Christmas time softens nothing in *you*.

I pray God that it may not be so.

For *your* sake, as well as your wife's, listen:

The only human being that you can absolutely count on to stand by you, in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil, *is your wife*.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN THE GREAT HALL

Children will grow up and pass onward,—out of *your* life and into one of *their own*.

Relatives and friends may go with you a long way, but they will not go *all* the way.

Your wife will.

In all the universe, you can't be *sure* of any one but her.

Then make the most of her. Are her cheeks faded? Kiss her on the lips; and then see the roses blossom, once more, on those cheeks.

Have her eyes been swollen, and dim with tears?

Put your arms about her, and tell her you love her, just as much as you ever did.

Then watch the light of joy kindle in those eyes, till they sparkle as brightly as ever.

Ah, it is *so* easy to make a woman happy, *if the right man wants to do it.*

And the right man to make *your* wife happy, is *you.*

Think of the nights when you were sick unto death, and she nursed you; think of the fearful agonies of the birth-hour, when she brought your child into the world; think of the long-drawn years, in which she has daily done the drudgery of a slave; think how she has had to bear the Cross of *your* troubles, as well as her own; think of what she has had to go through with, in rearing the children; think of her cramped, dull and monotonous life at home, while *you* were mingling with the bustling crowds of the outside world.

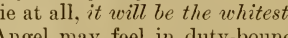
Think of all this, Brother, and allow much for the jaded, faded wife.

Go to her, and warm your own heart, as well as hers, by talking to her in the old, old way of lovers.

Court her again, as you courted her, when you were both young.

Tell her that she's just as pretty as ever. This may possibly not be the truth; but, if a lie at all, *it will be the whitest one you ever told.*

The Recording Angel may feel in duty-bound to charge it up on the Debit side of your account; but as he washes it out afterwards, with a tear, he will enter an item to your credit on the other side of the ledger, and *he will write it in letters of gold.*



EDITORIAL SMALL TALK

The "man of Macedonia" is having the time of his life. He cried, "Come over and help us", and we went.

In *Missionary Tidings* ("convention number") for November, 1909, we are given a large amount of information as to what we American Christians are doing for the "Macedonians",—the heathen and the missionaries.

On page 287 of this magazine (which is published at Indianapolis, Indiana, by the Christian Woman's Board of Missions) is a statement of what we did for the Hindus, last year.

We gave treatment, at the eleven dispensaries and in the four hospitals, to 112,075 Hindu patients. In the twenty-two day-schools, we taught 1,338 Hindu pupils. In the four orphanages, we sheltered and maintained 356 Hindu orphans. In the "Woman's Home", we gave shelter and support to 121 destitute Hindu women. And we cared for 20 Hindu lepers.

On the whole foreign field, this one Missionary Board supported 58 schools, in which 5,000 foreign children were given secular literary education.

Verily, the cry, "Come over and help us!" is being heeded.

The miraculous extension of the Christian faith, in the early centuries, was the direct result of exclusively evangelistic work. In that way, Paul, Peter, Barnabas, penetrated the Roman world. In that way, continental Europe, as well as portions of Asia and Africa, were won to the Cross.

Now let us examine this report, published in *Missionary Tidings*, and ascertain what proportion of the money was spent on evangelistic work.

(Page 308.) I find that in the Bilaspur district, India, the total sum disbursed, last year, was $8,866.00. Of that amount, only $174.50 was spent on evangelistic work. The remainder was eaten up by missionary salaries, ($3,385.00) the support of Hindu orphans, ($2,733.00) the maintenance of schools, ($855.00) and the expenses of running hospital, ($1,765.00). The sum of $8.00 was spent on a "Bible woman", $10.50 for traveling expenses, and $525.00 for keeping up the property.

Think of it! *Out of nearly nine thousand dollars, LESS THAN TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS WERE APPLIED TO DOING WHAT CHRIST COMMANDED.*

* * * *

In the Bina district, this Woman's Missions Board lavished $2,500 in salaries, $599.35 in medicine for the heathen, $628.55 on schools, $32.00 on a Bible woman, and $312.00 on evangelistic work!

What do you suppose that Augustine, Columba, Patrick and Paul would have said of such doings as those?

* * * *

In the Deogarh district, they used up $2,540.00 in salaries, $2,149.84 in supporting Hindu orphans, $650.00 in medical supplies, $320.00 for the keep of lepers, $1,210.50 in traveling expenses, $793.30 on schools, *and $301.20 on evangelistic work!*

Throughout the Indian field, the same relative proportions are maintained.

In Jamaica, the negro colony of Great Britain, the disbursements made by this Board are even more amazing. The sum total last year was $20,124.38. More than $8,000 of it went for salaries.

In Mexico, $27,479.99 were disbursed. About $7,500.00 went for salaries, $3,967.32 for the schools, and $6,228.91 for evangelistic work.

The Macedonians and the missionaries are certainly having a glorious time. We have no orphans, homeless women, or uneducated children in America, you know.

* * * *

I turn from the roseate report of the missionary doings of the Woman's Board of Missions to a standard book on China, written by a disinterested traveler, who had no motive whatever to distort or misrepresent the facts. His work, now in its third edition, describes conditions in China, down to August, 1900.

On page 377 of "China in Decay" the author says:

"The Chinaman does not want our religion. His own curious su-

perstition suits him exactly. * * * Is it not time that the missionary farce was discontinued? It has wrought enough mischief in its time, and far better openings could be found for the hundreds of thousands of pounds which are annually wasted in futile attempts to regenerate the Chinaman."

The author, Alexis Krausse, then states again the fact, universally known to the well-informed, that the European missionaries were the cause of the Boxer uprising, in which so many thousands of the Chinese were massacred, and in which some of the missionaries joined the European soldiers in looting.

* * * *

But examine the mission-board reports, *add up the sums paid out in salaries to the missionaries;* then you will begin to understand why it is dangerous to expose "the farce".

* * * *

Secretary J. M. Dickinson is being severely condemned in the South, on account of that disgraceful Gettysburg speech of his. The Stonewall Jackson Camp, at Staunton, Virginia, took formal action, and published, in the *Confederate Veteran*, some resolutions that must have made Dickinson's ears burn.

By intrigue, perhaps, he recently obtained an invitation to make a speech in Nashville, under the auspices of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Of course, he blarneyed the Southern Confederacy and its heroes. Anybody could have done that, *at Nashville, Tennessee.*

But the place where Dickinson's spunk was put to the test was at Gettysburg, when he was talking to Northern people. There's where he ought to have shown his manhood, his loyalty to the South. But he didn't do it. On the contrary, he cringed so low, that even the North knew that he lied, when he virtually declared that the South was glad that she lost.

In his Nashville speech, this wealthy tool of the Northern corporations said, that "no Southern man is treated with disfavor by the North if he publicly expresses * * * his convictions as to the righteousness of our cause".

Well, if our cause was righteous, why should we rejoice that we lost? How can we turn "with swift abhorrence from any suggestion" that our righteous cause might have triumphed?

They say that this insulter of the Confederate soldier is thinking of entering the race for the United States Senate, in Tennessee. If he does become a candidate, I hope that Col. Joel B. Fort, or some other true-hearted Southerner, will run against him, and skin him alive, for that abominable and cowardly Gettysburg speech.

* * * *

Secretary Ballinger's hide is pretty thick, but he is making motions like a man who is worried. He ought to be,—the unprincipled scoundrel! In all his lengthy defense, he says not a word about the Des Chutes Valley, which he handed over to the Hill and Harriman

railroads, two weeks after becoming Secretary of the Interior. Nor does he mention his violation of the law in secretly restoring to entry those lands in Montana, where the river pirates pounced upon the water-power sites. Neither does he explain how he came to violate the law by accepting employment from land-grabbing corporations, immediately after his resignation from the United States service.

If Congress does not investigate this rascally official, and demand his dismissal from office, we will have a scandal of Credit Mobilier size on our hands.

* * * *

Did you ever see such a bunch as Taft and his Cabinet?

The Sugar Trust (according to the Republican paper, the New York *Sun*.) stole $30,000,000 from the Government, by false weights at the Custom House; yet the officials of the Trust are not even arrested. They returned $2,000,000 of the loot, and they attend divine services as usual.

The J. P. Morgan banking house demanded a share in the loan which European sharks are forcing upon poor old China, and Taft's administration dutifully used the Government as a Morgan agent. Then when Crane blurts out a frank mention of the Morgan "hold-up", a Morgan partner slips over to that sawed-off henchman of the Pennsylvania Railroad, Secretary Knox, and has Crane's scalp taken, by telegraph.

Nobody consulted Taft.

Knox reported what he had done, and Taft paused long enough in his soft-soap campaign to cordially acquiesce in Crane's dismissal,—although Crane, in his speech-making, had done precisely what Taft had told him to do.

In the Ballinger-Pinchot row, our soft-soaping President indorsed both the oil and the water, the dog and the cat, the accuser and the accused, and readily signed a paper that reeks with falsehood.

Every important man in the Cabinet is a corporation lawyer of the corruptest kind; and Taft himself, from his Boston eulogy of Aldrich to his Texas plea for the railroads, has demonstrated that his love of the dear people is no deeper than his everlasting and most tiresome smile.

At heart, he is a corporation man.

* * * *

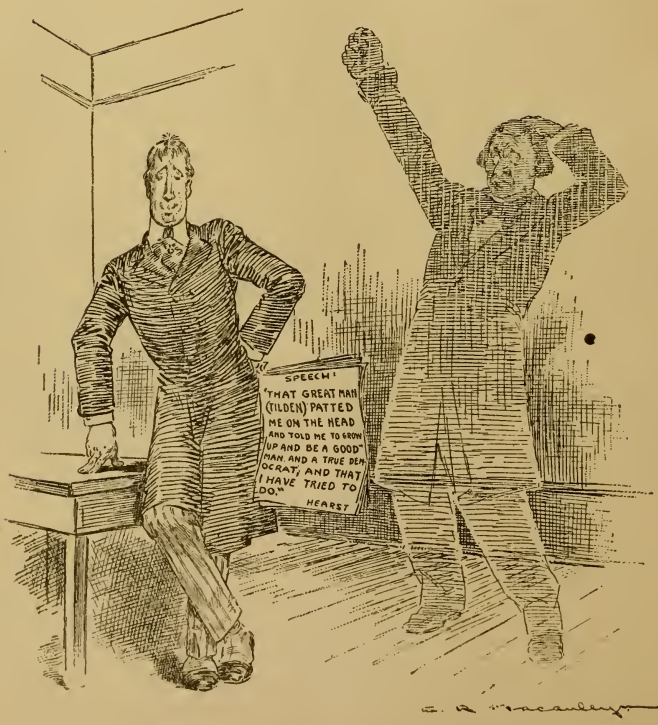
In 1910, "if I live, and nothin' happens", I'm going to tell you a whole lot of things about the Catholic Church that you don't know.

Just wait until I finish off the series of studies of Socialism; then the guns will play on Roman Catholicism awhile. That diabolical superstition has become insolently aggressive in these United States, and it is high time the foul and bloody record of Papa's hierarchy were being exposed. My historical explorations have familiarized me with this horrible record, and you shall be put in possession of the damning facts.

After that is done, I shall devote my labors to a history of the South and West.

We have no history of this country,—not one. We have glorifications of New England, and libels on the South, and books which studiously ignore the West.

I mean to write the splendid story of the South and the West,—and it ought to be more interesting than any novel, for the facts themselves are thrillingly dramatic.



Shade of Tilden: "Help! Help!

—New York *World*

A SURVEY OF THE WORLD

By TOM DOLAN

The Cherry Mine Disaster

THERE was no Thanksgiving at Cherry, Illinois, for beneath the feet of the destitute widows and orphans of that stricken mining town were the charred corpses of husbands and fathers—or, more hideous thought—these loved ones slowly perishing of hunger, penned deep down in the bowels of the earth. There will be no Christmas, for then the tragedy will be another sad chapter in the annals of mine horrors.

Out of several hundred men who went bravely to work that November morning, only about twenty came back alive, after days of suffering, when anguished women watched and wrung their helpless hands and prayed, while brave rescuers fought, against insurmountable difficulties, to save the entombed miners.

God pity the miner and his family, in the happiest moment. A bare room or two, coarse, scanty food—and always the haunting fear of the lurking dangers below. Poverty and peril are their inseparable companions,—while the mine owner, and the superintendent, and the boss figure new ways to cut the pittance of wages down to the point where life may scarcely be sustained. There is no sharing the profits with those who assume all the risk and bear patiently all the toil. For them there is nothing but unspeakable dreariness, unremitting drudgery.

To earthquake sufferers in Italy, Congress sends vast sums; for floods and fires abroad there is always the sympathetic ear, the ready purse; for Oriental youth there is free board and education; for African damsels, homes "until they marry"; but, for these poor and oppressed in our own land there is—nothing. The lurid light of a great tragedy brings them sometimes into our range of vision, though it is not the great calamity which should most accuse our conscience and arraign our indifference: it is the squalor, the pitiful child labor, the ignorance and hopelessness which belong peculiarly to the mining community.

The Cairo Horror

ILLINOIS is going the South several degrees better in the lynching record. The Northern press had not at all completed its roar over the Atlanta riots, when Springfield, Illinois, duplicated or a little exceeded the conditions prevailing that red week in Georgia; and now Cairo has undergone that Vesuvic eruption of anger which inevitably happens when a crime so heinous is committed that an entire community avenges it as though each had been personally wronged.

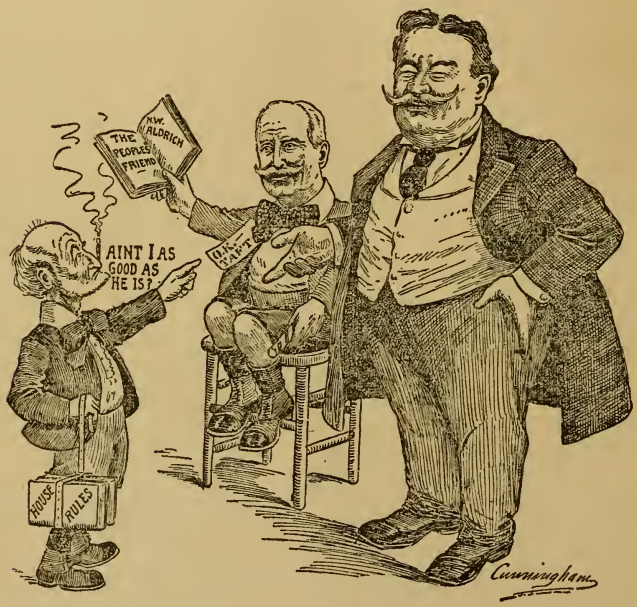
The story of Annie Pelley is so common the wonder does not lie

in the fact that the mob, including determined women, lynched the brute who raped and killed her, but that a *war of extermination* and absolute prevention does not sweep from sea to sea. If we can not protect our women, what kind of a people are we, anyhow? It is stupid to limit ourselves to mere revenge that can do the poor victims of the black brutes no good.

Now, *Collier's Weekly*, which doubtless circulates freely in Illinois, coolly informed its readers within the past year that the Southern woman caught with a black paramour lied and sacrificed him to save herself. This is what *Collier's* meant, though its vile language is not remembered exactly. Now, let the same journal tell the citizens of Cairo that the beautiful young girl, on her way home from work, was as bestial as it implied were our girls!

The citizens of Cairo are erecting a monument in perpetual *warning* and when white women pull the rope that lynches the black brute, it is time the leaders of the negro race recognized the fact that it is simply *doomed* if such crimes continue. And edito-

A PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRY.



—Washington *Herald*

rial slanders of dead, dying and hopelessly ruined victims will only hasten the end.

* * * *

Sheriff Shipp, of Chattanooga, and his five deputies are now in jail for the crime of refusing to precipitate civil war in an effort to prevent the lynching of the negro who was there, convicted and sentenced by the State Courts for a similar crime, in which the girl died soon after. The case had been taken on an appeal, and the just and inadequate sentence was being delayed. Citizens gathered, took the rapist out and quietly finished him. Because Sheriff Shipp didn't risk the terrible consequences that would have ensued in an effort to defy these citizens, he has been dragged to jail in Washington, D. C. He won't come out disgraced, however; and the Supreme Court has made a bad blunder. If Shipp had done anything really wrong, he should not have received a ninety-day sentence. And as it is impossible to see how he could reasonably have done otherwise in the grim circumstances, the feint at punishment for "contempt of court" will merely increase racial antagonism. Petitions are going to Taft stating that this dangerous precedent enormously increases the peril to every woman in the South, and asking him to pardon Shipp and the deputies. The negro had had the benefit of a fair trial and no question of his guilt was involved. The victim, fainting time after

"A SEEIN' THINGS AT NIGHT."

—Nashville *Banner*

time under the ordeal of testimony, had fully identified the negro. If the Supreme Court upholds in these cases the dignity of technical delays of execution,—fewer negroes will have the benefit of jury in future.

Put Down this Insolence!

CLEMENCEAU! is it possible that your hands are tied and your power is shorn in this hour of grave danger to France? How can you, who brought the clericals to their knees, who struck the shackles of Rome from the public schools, who determined in your own vigorous, virile soul that the little children of the French republic should be free from the domination of rank superstition, bear to see the weakling, Auguste Briand, follow the silken petticoats of an actress to mass? to see your understudy yielding, without a struggle to the incense, to the emasculating influence of the church *now* when every ounce of French manhood is needed in the desperate struggle to overthrow a medievalism that is gnawing the very vitals of national independence. Come back!! it was a mad moment that demanded your resignation and put a puppet in your place, a moment that may be fraught with utter disaster to France.

The clericals are furiously working against the public schools and are demanding a direct *entente* between the Government of France and the pontiff, which only means that the glorious sovereignty of France must bend its neck to the heel of the pope. Nothing more humiliating could possibly be imagined, nothing so perilous to the freedom and happiness of the citizens of France.

* * * *

Is there no lesson in this for America? Is it blindness or stupidity which takes no account of the ordination of negro priests and nuns, that refuses to see the *entente* between the Republican administration and the Vatican, that sits indifferently by while a Catholic cardinal in Maryland votes his flock in favor of continued negro political domination of that State, that can not understand the dangers to everything dear to the Anglo-Saxon in the oncreep of Roman power in America?

Oh, that Clemenceau and Combes may return to power and smite the Church of Rome hip and thigh; and that we may learn not only from history, but from present-day observation, the danger of allowing the Catholic Hierarchy to dictate our policies of state!

Result of the Elections

IT WILL be Mayor Gaynor, in New York, as was predicted from the outset of the interesting three-cornered race, but the fusion ticket walked off with the doughbag to such an extent that his victory might be termed an "empty honor". It is now up to him to make good, and his record from now on will be of profound interest, since to be mayor of that great municipality is about as good an entre to national politics as to be governor of the State. After the extravagant epithets shot at each other by members of Congress and Senate, last summer, it is recorded that one M. C. distinguished himself by mildly

stating to an opponent that he "did not like his face". Somehow, that's about the way we feel about Judge Gaynor. The moment a man begins to run on practically nothing but his "record" he is grinding the mill with the waters that have passed. A squarely defined platform, with the stamina and the record to presage the fulfillment of its pledges, means more than a wary straddle of issues in a candidate obviously anxious not to be probed as to the future, no matter what his past may imply. Otto Bannard came in fairly well as a second, and Hearst and Murphy both retired considerably to the rear.

"After You, Alphonse"
"After You, My Dear Gaston"
—New York *World*

* * * *

Philadelphia, still imbued with the spirit of Matt Quay, re-elected the same old gang which has

made her infamous these many decades. Ohio did no better, in restoring boss Cox, of Cincinnati, to power, and defeating Tom L. Johnson, of Cleveland. San Francisco's relapse from reform is the most lamentable, for while nothing may reasonably be hoped from the former cities, the latter had put up one splendid fight against graft, only to turn right around and by defeating Francis J. Heney, the brave prosecuting attorney, put a stop to the efforts to convict Pat Calhoun and his ilk.

Still, while such things depress, they should not discourage. Graft and corruption work without ceasing; reform is disinterested, and, from its very nature, spasmodic, because humanity is too selfish to charge itself constantly with vigilance. Yet there is never any complete reversal, for always a good fight for the right things brings results never lost. For the time being, these may be obscured, but progress moves, and the day of general political decency is brought forward.

* * * *

It is a source of deep regret that Maryland was unable to rid herself of the black political incubus, and an outrage that the malicious aftermath of a war of subjugation should yet be permitted to blight a country that otherwise would have a chance to become reunited in spirit as well as in profession. While authorities are haggling over the question of whether a Hindu or an Armenian is a Caucasian, or a nondescript of the type not to be naturalized and admitted to the privileges of citizens, thousands of black voters come to majority —or could be imported from the same jungles of Africa, whence their anthropoid ancestors came —and no query would be raised. The negro is the equal of the white—while the yellow and the brown, although so far advanced in intelligence as not to be mentioned in the same breath with the black, are justly considered undeserving of the ballot. This is a lovely condition of affairs, and shows how wise our statesmanship is in respect to voters. If the Chinaman and the Malay should not enjoy suffrage,—and upon no sane theory could it be contended that they should,—what but dangerous ignorance, or utter venality, can wish it perpetuated in their *inferiors?*

The rank hypocrisy of the Republican party in Maryland is well exposed by the fact that while the white Republicans there want to keep the negro vote to beat the Democrats, they refuse to let these black voters have anything to say in the *primaries*, where the Republican candidates are selected.

Where the Doctors Erred

THE annual convention of the Southern Medical Association in New Orleans November 11th went on record as favoring the acceptance of the Rockefeller gift of $1,000,000 to fight the hookworm disease, and instructed the councillors to prepare resolutions thanking the donor.

Physicians are, or should be, too absorbed in the study of medicine to have much time for any other subjects, but it is a pity they did not pause, before com-

mitting themselves in gratitude to Rockefeller, to learn whether or not the rumor be true that the

the vicinity, and imperils the life's happiness of every father and mother who may have to see

They Work Either Single or Double

—New York *American*

Standard Oil monopoly is in control of the recently formed Milk Trust which menaces the life of every babe in New York City and

a child die for lack of pure milk at a price they can pay.

Uncinaria is an evil which does exist. It is in nowise a theoreti-

cal sort of germ, but an actual parasite, whose ravages have but recently been recognized, though the disease has probably existed since the flesh of man fell heir to any ills at all. What we need is not money at all, but simple information, widely disseminated. At present, there is considerable scoffing, and there is also marked reluctance among the very class of people most affected to believe that they are victims of the trouble. The human mind is a wonderful maze of inconsistencies, rendering it quite capable of owning proudly to appendicitis, but scorning so vulgar a thing as hookworm.

Now, no one would be so cruel as to intimate that appendicitis is not all that is neat, stylish and lovely. Our best people have it, and so it may be discussed in "polite society" with perfect propriety. This is well, and enables the sufferer to get help, without loss of dignity. The thing is, how to bring about a similar state of complacency in the afflicted of uncinaria. The diagnosis made, the treatment is pretty certain to effect a cure. True, we are here confronted with the further difficulty of popularizing any remedy that is simple and cheap, but if its administration were attended with due incantation and mystery, even this might be overcome.

A million dollars to eradicate hookworm in the South? Fiddlesticks! There isn't a paper in the land that won't print, as news, all the facts necessary to be known of this disease—and thymol, Epsom salts and ordinary hygiene will do the rest.

The Trouble in Nicaragua

WHEN President Taft and his satellites foregathered with President Diaz and his retinue, an exchange sapiently remarked that there was in the meeting "something more than the mere exchange of official courtesies". This is doubtless very true. The political situation throughout the Central American States is and has been such that the two powers, represented by Taft and Diaz, don't mind a friendly understanding precedent to subjugating all the region which might be included within that wide and indefinite circle known as the Canal Zone.

* * * *

The present revolution in Nicaragua appears to bear out the assumption that American influence is at work for the overthrow of President Zelaya, one of whose crimes consists in the most intolerable one of "personal ambition." It is perfectly well established that "personal ambition" is equivalent to high treason, when fostered by the President of a tiny republic, and its existence, or even the suspicion thereof, arouses the ire of that same inevitable element which overthrew Cæsar on the same pretext. That a man, worthy the name of man, should be devoid of personal ambition, or should lack the determination to hold to his place as a leader among his people, is hardly conceivable; so whenever an official undertakes to carry out plans and purposes of his own originating he is pretty certain to become an "undesirable" to the imperialistic spirit which demands the tool, the underling. There isn't glory

enough for all, and so Castro was deposed on account of "personal ambition", as was Bolivar, and as will be any and every other Central or South American who aspires to independence, in an independent republic.

So far as Zelaya goes, personally, he may be a schemer of the first water, but were he a patriot of unblemished honor the result would be—elimination. Mr. Taft and Mr. Diaz probably understand each other about all these matters and are agreed to divide the "personal ambition" prerogative between themselves, that being a virtue in them which would be a grave fault in the commander of a lesser army.

* * * *

When any small country doesn't lie down and let capitalistic exploitation walk over it, it is always possible to play upon the greed of some disgruntled faction, and, by apparently bringing about revolution, achieve conquest in effect, and place in office the kind of men who know which side their bread is buttered on and who can be depended upon to take orders from the Department at Washington direct, or via the palace of Porfirio Diaz.

This is just about what the rev-

They Get It Both Ways

—Washington (D. C.) *Herald*

olution in Nicaragua means, and though mystery may surround the true character of Zelaya, that of his successor may be predicted with reasonable certainty.

* * * *

Another visit of great significance is that of the Czar of Russia to Italy recently. It is declared by Austrian papers that a coalition of Russian and Italian interests in the Balkan States "brings Europe within measurable distance of war". During the visit of the Czar to the King of Italy, they sent to Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, a telegram of affectionate nature, showing the purpose of the two sovereigns to assure the minor Balkan States of their sympathy and support against the aggressions of Austria. This will hardly bring war, but will check the ambitious plans of the Austrian Archduke, Francis Ferdinand, hence his roar.

Revolt in Greece

THE little flare-up at Salamis, where certain Greek naval officers mutinied and a miniature rebellion transpired, is another symptom of Balkan unrest. These officers were eager for and demanded, among other things, the suspension of promotion for five years and the abolition of certain high naval posts. A naval purification bill, rejecting positively any feature of these demands apparently aimed at individual officers, was drafted, but its terms were unsatisfactory to Lieutenant Tibaldos, who thereupon led the revolt of his little party which resulted in a state of open mutiny against the government, and a defiance of the Greek Military League.

Back of all this is seen the workings of two political factions, both looking toward inevitable conflict with the Ottoman Empire, but differing in their view of how best to prepare themselves for it. The existing government, represented by King George, seems trimming its sails to suit the wind, and perhaps in its apparent vacillation lies much wisdom. Lieutenant Tibaldos, according to all law and precedent, should be executed for high treason in firing upon the forts of his own country, but his head is still safely fastened to his shoulders, and the tendency with reference to his spirited little rebellion seems to be to "forget it".

Just as well, maybe. It is hard to take seriously an exploit like this on the spot where three thousand years ago Themistocles drove back the Persian squadrons and saved the glory of Greece. There may be signs of revolution in the land of the Hellenes, but the present-day jealousies and bickerings dwindle to insignificance in the light of the nobler struggles of the ancient days,—before the sons of Greece learned to waste their strength and invite the foe to profit by their internal dissentions and weakness.

The English Poor

A VAST army of unemployed faces a cold English winter in worse condition than at this time last year. The misery, degradation, the woe and want in the slums of America are said to afford no adequate parallel to the condition of the London pauper.

A bill is now before Parliament, drawn by the Trades Boards, looking to the establishment of a minimum rate of wage in all trades where there is satisfactory proof that the schedule of wages paid is unusually low or unfair to the workers. Hundreds of thousands of workers have been compelled to submit to arbitrary reductions until the labor situation in Great Britain is almost beyond control.

The German war scare has practically failed of its effect, for when the masses of any country are in as bad condition as is possible for them to be, no outside foe can frighten them. Germany isn't wanting war; it is contented with keeping Great Britain in respectful awe, so there is nothing for the upper classes to do but alleviate the miseries of the lower. The war, which would have given employment to thousands of men, stimulated trade, and, best of all, diverted the minds of the people from their own condition, might have stayed the hand of revolution which is now clutching the throat of the aristocracy. True, it may be accomplished without bloodshed, but the winter will not pass without seeing a great reversal of the entire English governmental idea. Platitudes, precedents and the eternal human fondness for snobbery and class domination will prevail against almost anything in the world except—starvation. When

Not a Testimonial

—Wilder in the Chicago *Record-Herald*

the masses of the people get right down to unalleviated hunger something is going to happen to that country which has allowed such a condition to be possible.

* * * *

Excepting for the well-known temperamental differences between the English and French people one would say that England was today almost duplicating the situation that prevailed in the time of Louis XVI. The following incident is taken from the New York *American* of November 7th:

"London, Nov. 7.—All society in England is laughing over the latest prank perpetrated by that most unconventional of ladies, Margot, wife of Prime Minister Asquith.

"At a recent very formal dinner Mrs. Asquith was seated next to a very haughty, very stupid and very bibulous peer, who slipped gradually under the table despite her best efforts at conversation.

"Finally, in sheer disgust, the Premier's wife signalled the butler and ordered him to bring a pair of men's shoes. These she placed surreptitiously upon her own lap, so that their tips showed above the top of the table, and a moment later, during a lull in the conversation, she darted a fiery glance at the half sleeping nobleman beside her and cried out:

"'How dare you put your feet in my lap?'

"The very proper Duchess of Rutland, Lady Lytton, Lady Manners and George Wyndham, who sat near by, did their best to cover up the situation with sudden conversation. But, as Mrs. Asquith remarked later, the stupid peer 'was wide awake for the rest of that meal, at least.'"

It is hard to believe that anything so vulgar as this could have occurred anywhere in civilized society, to say nothing of that of the peers of England. Mrs. Asquith spends much time inventing new ways to shock society in general, though it would seem that her immediate associates are too coarse to be injured by any such pranks. Premier Asquith, one might say in passing, has been busily engaged in dodging the mere presentation of a petition from his countrywomen. He does not believe in the ballot for women and judging from those ladies he seems to know best he is right. Still, he should remember that all women are not as coarse as those in his set and that possibly a few of the suffragettes would decline to dine with a drunken beast and descend to such a disgusting piece of folly as did his own wife, who is not at all interested in votes for women.

* * * *

The fight on the Lords continues, and the clamor of the destitute adds strength to the demand of Lloyd-George. In the panic of the Peers lest their ancient privileges are about to be swept away through an unprecedented tax budget, it is seen that the tension in Great Britain has reached the breaking point. "Gold-standard" England has staggered under the yoke, until it is ready to fall. We in America are certain to follow in the same path, and neither taxes nor tariffs are ever going to cure the evils. Money—just money—is at the bottom of all the distress and unrest, and the need to reform the currency must be recognized and the remedy applied.

* * * *

In Germany, a protective tariff and heavy taxation in which the "unearned increment" comes in for a substantial part of the

budget, there is increasing poverty and the large cities have their armies of unemployed. In free-trade England, increase in direct taxation will only modify a little the gross inequalities of fortune, not correct them, and in the United States we have Pelion piled upon an Ossa of errors, due to the blindness which inaugurates a new evil to overcome the bad results of an old—instead of taking the rational course that would wipe them all out.

Labor's Mistake

AT THE convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Toronto, Canada, on November 17th, the following report was applauded and adopted:

> "We say that, when your cause is just and every other remedy has been employed without result, boycott; we say that when the employer has determined to exploit not only adult male labor, but our women and children, and our reasoning and appeal to his fairness and conscience will not sway him, boycott; we say that when labor has been oppressed, browbeaten and tyrannized, boycott; we say that when social and political conditions become so bad that ordinary remedial measures are fruitless, boycott; and finally, we say, we have a right to boycott, and we propose to exercise that right. In the application of this right of boycott, to paraphrase the president (Gompers), we propose to strive on and on."

How Mr. Mitchell can reconcile the spirit of this report with his remarks on liberty it is difficult to see. Mr. Mitchell cites as a sample of the wrong kind of liberty that which in some jurisdictions has held the ten-hour-a-day labor law for women to be unconstitutional, thus forcing them to work fourteen hours a day. We agree with Mr. Mitchell that the effect of these rulings has been to oppress the very ones for whose benefit the labor laws were enacted. The public good is supreme to any law, and where the so-called contractual right is subversive of the public weal it must, in time, be abolished. Nevertheless, with all tenderness and sympathy for shop girls and factory women and the slaves in the sweatshop, we must

Near the End of His Day

—New York *American*

recognize the hard facts of life and realize that not these alone are the sufferers. We have the vast army of overworked women in the home and on the farm, domestic slaves who know neither a ten-hour day nor a sixteen-hour day, but who are called upon at all hours of the twenty-four for devoted service to their families. There is no organization or possibility of the formation of a society of overworked wives, or oppressed domestic servants, for instance, and society will always be

confronted by, will always have to deal with the many different elements. The strike in Sweden demonstrated clearly that organized labor constituted, without doubt, but a small part of the population. In any civilization it always will constitute the smaller part. It does not become a democracy, therefore, to say that this smaller part of the population shall dictate its national laws and shall contravene, through the use of the boycott, one of the strongest principles of the public policy. Union labor goes wrong when it presumes to seek its remedies in defiance of the courts, while unorganized laborers and all other classes must await redress for their wrongs at the hands of the law. The boycott is wrong and Mr. Mitchell knows it. Perhaps a large proportion of his following does not realize how unwise, how selfish and how detrimental to themselves is their idea of employing the boycott; how absurd the insistency that the boycott is just, while they condemn the black-list.

A Great Man Passes

CESARE LOMBROSO, the great criminologist, died at Rome on October 19th. That he was a brilliant scientist goes without saying, but his claim upon the affections of posterity will rest not so much upon his researches as upon his peculiar success in reducing his abstract learning to certain concrete principles which have entirely reformed our ideas of crime and of the treatment of criminals. Before Lombroso's time punishment was virtually the sole aim; since, the reformation of the criminal has become the dominant idea of sociologists. It will be many weary years before the world will become thoroughly permeated with the theories of Lombroso and similar humanitarians, but the stamp has been affixed, the ideal shines clear even through the murk of rank procedure and blundering efforts to handle the problems incident to the preservation of society from those who, by reason of congenital traits, inherited perversions, unfavorable environment, or the combination of all of these, prey upon it. The eccentricities of Lombroso the man—his socialism—his spiritualism—and his numberless small vagaries will die with him,—but his inestimable work for the human race will live forever.

What Cook Cooked

EVERY department of scientific research is apparently to be enlisted in the Cook-Peary controversy, which is still undecided, though the raging stages have passed. Mr. George Kennan, the well-known traveler and lecturer, has attacked the Cook claim on the food basis, contending that the 800 pounds of pemmican (a highly concentrated food) could not have sufficed three men and twenty-six dogs (even allowing for the men banqueting on some of the dogs) during the eighty days' dash to the Pole and back to the base of supplies.

Persons fond of intricate calculation may while away an idle hour by dividing 800 pounds by 80 days by 3 men and 26 dogs, dead and alive, or, starting it an-

other way, if three men contain 16 dogs, how much Bologna in the crude state sufficed at the vanishing point of the ultimate longitude, latitude °?

But, jesting aside, it would appear that Mr. Kennan had strayed a little from his certainties in making the positive statement that the thing could not be done. Without going into details as to the maintenance of what is called the "nitrogenous equilibrium", various eminent physiologists have demonstrated that bodily vigor may be maintained, and robust exercise taken, on diets surprisingly small in bulk. G. N. Stewart found that 500 grammes (about a pound) of bread and 250 grammes of lean meat per day would fit a man for hard work, and the diets of others have been even smaller than this. Pemmican, being a richly nitrogenous food, would keep men alive and well if each had but a pound a day, making 240 pounds enough for the three men, the balance to be divided among the dogs.

Furthermore, it must be remembered that the men had stimulants and at all times water in abundance. Doubtless the failure of many Arctic expeditions has been directly the result of loading down the sledges with unnecessary food. Men engaged in such a terrific dash need but the minimum necessary to sustain life and resist the cold. They are compelled to forego the three "square meals" a day that most of us spend a large part of our time in eating and most of our strength in an unsuccessful effort to digest.

Dr. Cook may be faking; but, as a physician, he would scarcely err glaringly in a statement of physiological possibilities, and Mr. Kennan's attack upon the food question appears like an intrusion upon unsure ground.

Japan and Korea

RIOTING has been going on in Seoul, has been continuous and alarming since the assassination of the Prince Ito of Japan at Harbin the latter part of October. Unrest is said to be abroad in the hermit kingdom and the Japanese "have become convinced that to retain their authority in Korea, drastic measures are necessary". Rioting has in fact never ceased in Korea since the day the Japanese aggressions began. The peaceful inhabitants of this unfortunate country are in a most miserable situation. For instance, a husbandman may be called upon by a band of Korean guerrillas to furnish them rations; if he does not do so he will be considered unpatriotic and probably lose his goods and his life; if he does do so and the Japanese soldiery learn that he has given aid to the Koreans, he is killed and his goods confiscated. This is, of course, calculated to make peaceful industry thrive. It is now evident that Japan intends a rule of complete subjection and vengeance. The Koreans are not a people to inspire one with great admiration; but it must be admitted that they have never been in history an aggressive race, that they have fought against those things which they felt were jeopardizing their peaceful isolation, and common humanity and jus-

tice cry out against seeing their country laid waste and themselves given over to absolute despotic oppression by an alien and unfriendly people.

Justice in the Isle of Jersey

SO MUCH is said about the "superiority of English justice" that it is rather startling to read that abolition of imprisonment for debt is just beginning to be effected on the other side of the water. When the sheriff, or other levying officer here, can find no property out of which to realize a judgment, remedy against a debtor has been exhausted except as to property he may possess in the future. In Great Britain, it appears that failure to pay the judgment is considered "contempt of court" and the debtor may be imprisoned on *that* ground, which accomplishes the same result.

English papers themselves do not continually laud their courts. Recently, a libel suit was instituted against the proprietors of the Jersey *Times*, which illustrates another phase of this much-boasted superiority. The plaintiff had been charged, and found guilty by seven out of twenty-four jurors, of rape upon a young girl. He was further shown to have had a long and villainous record of other offences. According to this eminently superior justice over there, neither a unanimous verdict is required, nor does mistrial result in disagreements, but a minority was enabled to override the judgment of a majority, and the criminal set free. Whereupon the editors of the Jersey *Times* commented upon the case as a "gross miscarriage of justice" and alluded to the offender as an "infamous scoundrel", terms decidedly mild in view of the facts. Immediately upon the suit being brought, judgment was rendered without trial, in the following language:

> "The Court, setting aside the defendants' plea, condemns them to pay the plaintiff five pounds and costs."

Defendants were not denying the publication, but were refused the privilege of substantiating their charges and justifying their remarks! The rapist got his "fi pun note".

We've got lots to contend with in American courts, but those who habitually rave over the perfection of the King's Bench, or the Queen's Bench, or the wash-bench need a taste of this "Jersey justice". They could get it in many a J. P. Court, where there is about as much law and equity manifested as was shown in the silly and arbitrary ruling in the Jersey case.

Bryan's Pet Scheme in Practice

THE Oklahoma bank guarantee scheme has on its first test proven a distinct failure. According to law the bank commissioner took charge of the suspended Columbia Savings and Trust Company of Oklahoma City and the trustful depositors have been awaiting their funds. It appears that the bank itself

has not the money; furthermore, the "guarantee fund" (the bulwark of the entire plan) is entirely inadequate to pay the depositors. The solvent banks are protesting against a levy of a two per cent. emergency tax on the deposits of all the State banks. It is possible that the bank commissioner may be able to make up the amount by going against the stockholders of the suspended bank. However, the inherent weakness of the bank guarantee plan adopted in Oklahoma and practically duplicated in Nebraska and Kansas lies in the theory of assessing solvent institutions to pay the depositors of insolvent ones, which is tantamount to saying to the reckless and dishonest banking institutions, "Heave ahead and lose all you please and the honest and careful institutions will be taxed to meet your defalcations."

Reelfoot Lake Restored

THE first legal steps have been taken to restore Reelfoot Lake to the public. Suit was filed by Attorney-General Charles T. Cates, of Tennessee, for the purpose of declaring the charter of the West Tennessee Land Company void and to enjoin that company from exercising any control over the waters of Reelfoot Lake. Tennessee, though tardy, is at last doing justice in this matter.

It is also a relief to know that none of the night-riders convicted of complicity in the assassination of Capt. Quentin Rankin have been hanged.

The Right Stand

REFRESHING common sense is being manifested by a revolt of Canadians in the Northwest against the project to establish a Canadian Navy. The conservative party in Quebec has formally announced its opposition to this jingoistic movement. Apparently the Northwestern grain-growers and the big agricultural population of Canada intend to fight the proposition to enrich interested parties on the Atlantic through any navy scheme.

A Handy Faith to Have About the House

A SCHISM has occurred in the Christian Science church. Mrs. Delia M. Gilbert and Mrs. Augusta E. Stetson both aspire to be, if not "mothers," exactly, at least very maternal leaders in the faith. Mrs. Stetson's forte is "malicious animal magnetism", and the highly spiritual viewpoint of Mrs. Gilbert is indicated by an interview recently published in the *Boston Herald*. Speaking of establishing her own society, she giggled: "*Won't they be hopping?*" Continuing, in more serious vein, she explained that she would use Mrs. Eddy's book, but liberally "cut out" such portions of the faith that did not meet with her approval—principally that which holds Mrs. Eddy herself in veneration. Asked how she took up the Christian Science doctrine, she replied:

"I went into it six years ago. I had and awful lot of trouble and Science pulled me out. My husband died and left me without anything. I didn't know what I was going to do. I went

into Science and I have been successful in business. I have married my daughter into a wealthy family and now I am going to have a church of my own."

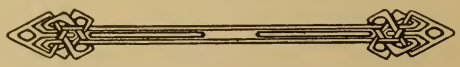
Unfortunately, she omitted to mention whether or not it had solved the servant problem, exterminated roaches, cleaned wallpaper or made her jelly jell; but enough has been demonstrated to show that hers is the practical brand of religion that no housekeeper, and certainly no mother with daughters to market, can afford to be without.

The "Mother Church," dispatches say, is busy excommunicating.

The Torren's System

OUT of Australia comes another idea which is calculated to make the struggling young attorney at law, who derives no mean assistance from the preparation of abstracts of title, profoundly anxious lest his occupation should be abolished. This is the land title guarantee and transfer system of Australia. In that progressive country, the government has perfected all titles. They are simply transferred, just as shares of stock may pass from one hand to another, with the simplest formalities. This system could hardly be put in operation in the United States, owing to the complexity of real estate law in the various States, but it is obvious to any one who has met with annoying technicalities and had to bear heavy expense, that some simplification is desirable. The examination, every time a real estate transaction is involved, of a title from the very last moment back to the grant from the State is manifestly absurd, yet under our present methods is required by all purchasers, or mortgagees. The Australian system is said to be time and money saving, and highly satisfactory.

In the United States, a Mr. Torrens is expounding this plan, hence it has received his name.



BEYOND THE ALPS LIES SENTIMENT LAND

By STUART B. STONE

ON THE fourth day of the midwinter examinations, pretty Miss Mason, the sixth-grade instructor, did a most startling thing. She jumped from the coefficient of x to the summit of Mount St. Elias—which is to say that she substituted geography for mathematics in the harrowing program for the day. And loud was the chorus of protest from youths that knew not the ways of tropical rivers and maids that were lost in Nigeria and Hindustan.

"Please, Miss Mason, I don't think it's fair," piped little Tommy Mayes; "I don't know the capital of Siam."

And Virginia Bell, petite and shirking, angled for information: "Isn't Vienna that-pretty town in Italy, where the streets are full of water?"

Miss Mason smiled, shaking her head, and did not depart from this, even when Master James Richardson asked if dates came from Dayton and turkeys from Ottoman-land. She continued to smile, proudly, confidently, at the disdain of the three back-row scholars, who really counted in Bellville school and who snapped their fingers at the vain strategy of all boards and teachers. These were Harry Price, the Louisville product, Thomas Sanders, lord of the playground, and Anna May Langdon, whom the flower and chivalry of sixth-grade youth adored, openly and unashamed.

Master Harry was a thorough metropolitan, and the glamour of the town was about him. It was in the precise line, which divided the smooth, brown tresses exactly in the middle, and it was in the effeminate whiteness of the small hands and in the soft, velvety tones of purring exactness.

Mr. Sanders owned a bristly, unmanageable shock of alarmingly red hair. Also the smiling countenance of the young man was dotted with a hundred freckles, his eyes were a pale, sickly blue, and his mouth was very large. So that altogether, Mr. Sanders was left undisturbed and happy at the head of his roisterers, while Anna May and the minor lights on the girls' side strove for the favor of Master Price, the really worth while. Anna May had designated Mr. Sanders as "Red-head, Gingerbread!" and even as "Sorrel Top!" and "Strawberry Blonde!"; but the youth of too great redness merely showed his fine, white teeth in a good-natured grin and continued to sprint over the play area at the head of his rough-and-tumble legion.

Anna May could tell you all the isthmus-and-cape questions—just like that. The boot-shaped tracing on the board she knew for sunny Italy, she could locate

thereon the Po, the Tiber and the City of Seven Hills, and could step across from the toe into Sicily and tell you of the vendetta people if you desired; likewise with the Blue Danube and the Sultans of Sulu and the turbulent isles of spice: and Anna May knew all things made in Germany and all the towns of Maine. And, as for the ninth question—and right there the idol of the boys' side puckered her pretty brow and said "Oh, dear!" and stroked her wonderful chestnut hair with her No. 2 pencil.

It was a cruel question—the boundary, capital, products, topography, geography, ethnology and other harrowing ologies pertaining to Switzerland, and Anna May had been engaged with the German measles at home when the class had struggled along over the place where Europe turned upside down in the making. Now, while the remainder of the class bent low over the blank sheets of their tablets and the buzz and hum of Lima and Kabul and the Everglades filled the room, Anna May resorted to the desperate chance of word-play with the vigilant teacher.

"Please, Miss Mason," she asked, with dainty hand uplifted, "Naples is not in Switzerland, is it?"

The teacher smiled inscrutably, but threw no light on the location of the Neapolitans. The strugglers in globe-knowledge, however, looked up in quick amazement. That the pride and joy of the sixth grade should be tangled up here in the Alps was preposterous. Anna May's rating hovered always in the topmost nineties, and, when the sleek, solemn Board came a-visiting, it was Anna May who rose at the teacher's beck and talked glibly of rivers that ran to the sea, and the nuts, reptiles, and *senors* of strange, hot lands.

The envious ones clucked: "Ah, I know that!" Sympathetic boydom over on the right side shook heads in vigorous denial of such a thing as Naples-in-the-Alps.

The clear, gray eyes of Anna May, though, looked over in mute appeal to the lad with the glamour of the town; but Master Price was penning the graphic tale of German East Africa and had no time for beauty in distress. Last night at the Newman's party, the glamour lad had been a Raleigh for gallantry and had spoken in the honeyed phrases of forbidden, paper-covered fiction: but now it was a question of averages, and the glamour lad was very near unto Anna May as an exhibit for the meddling gentlemen of the Board. Anna May sighed at the ingratitude of social lions and hardly heeded the harsh interruption that came in a mixed bass and treble from the red torment on the right side in the rear.

"How many 'e's' in Bern, Miss Mason?" demanded Mr. Sanders, and a meaning look at Mistress Anna May accompanied the request. The demand and the look, though, were lost on Anna May, who joined in the ripple of mocking laughter when Miss Mason curtly responded:

"You must not mention these geographical names in this manner. Keep your information to yourself."

"What is the matter with that red-head, anyhow?" muttered Anna May, and she sought anew for the elusive capital of the sturdy Swiss people.

But the red-headed lad was not yet crushed. "I have already said it now, Miss Mason. Won't you please tell me how to spell 'Bern.'"

"B-e-r-n, Bern," said the beaten teacher; "if you mention another name in that manner, I will take ten per cent from your grade."

"B-e-r-n, Bern," repeated the red-headed youth, giving Anna May a glance that brought wonder and vexation. But the word, "Bern," rang in her ears and she thoughtlessly made a note of it on a stray sheet of drawing-paper and went on to the siege of the Swiss capital. There was no place such as this Alpine seat of government in the pretty head that had dazzled an entire grade, though, and Anna May went on to subquestion B: "What lake, famed for its beauty, is located on the border between Switzerland and Germany?"

"Superior — Killarney — Tanganyika—Moosehead," Anna May told off the lakes of the earth and found herself again baffled. O Switzerland, Switzerland, had you but remained inside when the world cooled off! Now she resorted again to a futile fencing with the teacher:

"How many lakes in Switzerland, Miss Mason?"

Again the teacher smiled as the Sphinx might have smiled: "I should say a hundred, at least, Anna May." Anna May groaned, while a callous giggle went up from the girls' side, where a few were heartless enough to gloat over the spectacle of a leader sorely pressed. The glamour boy met the second appealing look from the lady of his choice with a taunting, "That's easy!" and extended no help and exhibited no sympathy.

Then Mr. Sanders arose again on the right and snapped strong, sinewy fingers.

"There goes that cinnamon-head again," murmured Anna May, and the remark had the guerdon of favor from all who heard on the gentle left.

The scarlet youth, though, heard neither the thoughtless gibe nor the ripple the gibe brought forth.

"Constance —," he said, "Constance Keene won't be here to day," and as the name Constance came from his lips, the red-headed boy favored Anna May with another puzzling look.

"Well," frowned the teacher, "I didn't expect her, Thomas. What of it?"

"Oh, nothin'," finished Mr. Sanders. "I mean Constance—I don't mean Elizabeth Keene."

The teacher, with the knowledge of the premature, fine lines in her face, saw a light. "No further questions relating to the examination will be allowed," she announced, "unless they are privately communicated to me at the desk."

Anna May had abandoned the beautiful lakes of the Swiss-German boundary for the perplexities of C: "For what dairy product is Switzerland famous?" As she wondered just what a dairy product was anyhow, she absently pencilled on the drawing-paper, where

Bern sat solemnly, the name Constance, bandied about by pedagogue and red-head. Then she addressed the teacher, braving the just-formulated edict:

"What is a dairy product, please, Miss Mason? Is lace one?"

The sure-of-themselves laughed: even the glamour boy laughed at the discomfiture of Mistress Anna, as the teacher once more shook her head and rapped for order with a ruler. As for the belle of the sixth grade, a big, round tear rolled down the flaming cheek as the belle saw an average of 99 3-8 cut down to 89, and all because of one of the smallest countries of Europe. Also the indifference of the glamour boy contributed to the tear that dropped and splashed over Canton and Hong Kong and all the Mongol nomenclature of question 6.

A second tear-drop formed and slid jerkily after the first, and all China was threatened with deluge, when a hunk of something hard struck Anna May's rounded, white arm, and rolled over hard by the river Hoang-Ho. The hard something was a piece of pale, yellow cheese, porous and full of holes as a sponge. Anna May looked up and the vast mouth of Mr. Thomas Sanders was spread in a grin of infinite good nature, while a stubby forefinger pointed suggestively at the hunk of cheese, rifled from the recess lunch of a younger pupil. Anna May was at the end of her patience—this much had question 9 and the jeers of the rabble done. Now she twisted her pretty face into a dreadful caricature and said:

"Red-head, Gingerbread! Red-head, Gingerbread!"

The gingerbread man continued, though, to point and gesture at the cheese, and Anna May, in sullen curiosity, picked up the greasy stuff. A scrap of tablet paper was twisted through a gaping hole. She removed and untwisted the scrap, and, through the dirt and cheese made out:

> "This here is a daary produck. You better listen at me talking back at the teechur."

"Swiss cheese!" exclaimed Anna May. "Why, of course." Then her eye fell on the notes on the sheet of drawing paper. "Well, I'll declare," said Anna May. "That's what he meant all the time." The belle of the sixth grade bent low and wrote rapidly: "Bern is the capital of Switzerland. The Lake of Constance is the beautiful lake on the German border. Swiss cheese is the dairy product." Then the avenues of a general knowledge stood open and E and F and G and all the other sub-questions shaped rapidly as Anna May wrote with eloquent pencil of Geneva and all the cantons, of Jungfrau and Matterhorn and all the white, high places, of cheese and lace and all the things the people of the hilliest republic make.

When this was done, Anna May looked up and smiled at the red-headed boy, who was grinning, too. The vigilant teacher, for once, was not vigilant—she was remodeling the tail on the Lake Erie whale on the blackboard. Anna May whispered over at Mr. Sanders:

"I'm so much obliged. I'll never call you red-headed again."

"That's all right," whispered the red-headed boy. "It ain't worth mentionin' at all. I was just too slick for that teacher."

Anna May nodded approval.

When the great, round earth had been covered from Reikiavik to Punta Arenas, the coverers flocked home in the ebb of the day. The glamour boy came up to take his accustomed place at the elbow of the sixth-grade belle.

"That Switzerland business had you stumped, didn't it?" he remarked.

But Anna May hardly heard the question. She was admiring the carved cane, which the red-headed boy had just presented her.

"It is just too dear for anything," said Anna May. "I will put it in my room at home."

"I'm going that way, too," said the red-headed boy. "I'll go with you;" and Anna May and the red-headed boy went side by side up the street.

"That red-headed kid makes me tired," remarked the glamour boy.

"And I thought she just hated red hair," said Virginia Bell, with wonderful sarcasm.

But the next day, Anna May declared that she liked red hair best of all.

AN INCIDENT OF DEVELOPMENT

By R. A. MYERS

THE PARALLEL lines of steel rails glisten in the sunshine, stretching farther southward day by day. Brawny backs bend above them, and skillful hands secure them in their places. Farther southward —always farther south—for beyond the sea lies Cuba! And each day's progress is reported to the august owner and builder, whose word is law in this newly opened region, and "whose railroad is as much his private property as is his hat."

And the stolid, brown-skinned, steady-handed, sweating hordes build farther and farther on—sometimes singing, sometimes swearing—all the time sweating under the torrid sun. Not all of them are "dumb, driven cattle," as one can tell by the curve of a lip, the glance of an eye or the turn of a hand.

Above them a faultless sky; beside them rippling waters and growing gardens; beneath them the soft, fragrant earth, full of possibilities and with no limitations. Birds sing, breezes blow, and faithful toilers blaze the way of commerce and of travel.

* * * *

And then the sea—"the blue, the fresh, the ever free!"

* * * *

And then one day the laughing waves grow black with wrath. Giant clouds like ravens' wings swoop down over the billowing foam and a mighty wind whips the sea and the shore. Warnings

pass from lip to lip, from gang to gang, but defiant orders ring out, and into the teeth of the roaring, raging hurricane—"into the jaws of death, into the mouth of hell" —pass gang after gang, boat after boat; and the winds howl, the waves shriek, the tempest reigns.

* * * *

Out where the long wharves extend into the sea grim Pluto casts up the gruesome drifts, and they are placed side by side upon the wharf-flooring, covered with rain-soaked, sea-washed canvas. Side by side, "cheek by jowl," stiff and stark and cold they lie—bruised and torn, bleeding and broken, purple and swollen! Staring eyes gaze unseeing into a murky sky. Dull ears are swept by a roaring wind; set lips silent of accusation. Grim-visaged and stern they lie, side by side on the long wharves under the wet canvas. And a sentry passes to and fro, permitting neither kin nor friend nor fellow workman to seek a familiar face among the silent, canvas-covered throng. There are hundreds of them—washed up by the waves, gathered in by boats and rafts and seines after the fiercest force of the storm would permit. But all dead—and guarded by a sentry, and no friendly hand permitted to turn back the cover in an effort to identify. Orders are positive. No one allowed to approach for any purpose—orders as positive and stern and defiant as were those that sent the toilers to death in the face of the storm and its signals.

Unidentified dead men tell no tales. Sometimes those identified do—or at least give a troublesome clue. No approach permitted.

* * * Night came,—soft, deep, silent night. Sobbing waters wash the piles under the wharf that still bears the sacrifice to Pride and Greed. A few stars glow palely in the thick space above, and a tired breeze sweeps over a dull grey sea. Muffled sounds and stealthy tones mark a gang ashore, and the trend of shoveled earth mingles with orders given in hoarse undertone and passed from mouth to mouth. Here and there a lantern gleams feebly, and in the half-dark brawny backs bend above a wide, deep trench growing wider and deeper under skillful hands. Now and then a muttered oath or a flashing eye or a clenched hand gives expression to a heart's indignant, impotent rage against brutal inhumanity, and the atmosphere is tense with a human electricity perilously near breaking into flaming rebellion. Not all are "dumb driven cattle".

The trench is complete. Another order, and the transportation from wharves to trench begins. There are barely enough of the living to bury the dead, but the long, hard task of putting their fellows away goes on and on. Sometimes they slip in the dark on the wet planks; sometimes from sheer weariness they drop their clumsy burden; some stagger and almost fall, but over the trench they all sooner or later pause to consign to its depths the lump of clay that laid the shining steel rails running back northward.

And then the trench is filled.

Firmly the earth is packed in, and stern, indignant faces glow in the lantern light. Back and forth the shovels move; hour after hour passes, and when the task is complete the turf is smooth and firm; moss and leaves are carefully placed over a level, moundless sod; sticks and twigs, as if blown from the storm, are gathered by the armful and artfully strewn upon the *secret resting-place of a thousand corpses*—secret to all but the taskmasters and the shovelers! And when morning dawns the wet old wharf is empty of its canvas-covered dead; the shore is *level*, silent and deserted, and the gangs that dug the trench and filled it are bending brawny backs over glistening rails that extend even to the South.

> And the winds bend low
> As they mournfully blow
> O'er the sod of a thousand graves.

* * * *

A wistful moon hangs over the palm-fringed coast; the tender stars in the far-off, illimitable upyonder look down in softest pity; the purple waves of the Gulf Stream ripple a constant requiem, and great Alcyone, from her Pleiadic center, twinkles *knowingly—knowingly!*

Somewhere—almost everywhere—*Some One*, with a widowed heart, listens for the *Other*, who never comes; homeless babes, mayhap hungry babes, grown up in forgetfulness of a missing father, and withered Age sighs over the absent son; the maiden lover heart-breakingly awaits her tardy mate. For the *primal cries* in the heart of the stolid and the untutored and the uncouth—Nature crying for her own—are as strong, as true, as insistent as they be in the swelling breast of the avaricious, power-loving developer—the Juggernaut that crushes into moundless graves and tideless waters the storm victims of his arrogance and ambition.

Embers

By Ralph M. Thomson

A little heap of ashes gray,
Forgotten in a lonely glen;
A wind to blow them all away,—
Behold, the ember glows again!

A soul that brightened heaven above,
Concealed by sorrow's manifold;
A heart to fan it into love,
And lo, 'tis flaming as of old!

LETTERS TO AARON BURR

[DESCRIBING THE HORRORS OF ST. DOMINGO WHEN THE NEGROES DROVE OUT THE FRENCH. PUBLISHED IN 1808. THE LETTERS WERE PROBABLY WRITTEN IN 1801-2. AARON BURR WAS AT THAT TIME VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. THE NAME OF THE LADY WRITER IS NOT GIVEN IN THE BOOK]

Letter VIII.

St. Jago de Cuba.

A COMPANY of French comedians had built a theatre here, and obtained permission from the Governor to perform. They played with *eclat*, and always to crowded houses. The Spaniards were delighted. The decorations, the scenery, above all, the representation of the sea, appeared to them the effect of magic. But the charm was suddenly dissolved by an order from the bishop to close the theatre, saying, that it tended to corrupt the morals of the inhabitants. Nothing can be more ridiculous, for the inhabitants of this island have long since reached the last degree of corruption; devoted to every species of vice, guilty of every crime, and polluted by the continued practice of every species of debauchery. But it is supposed the order was issued to vex the governor, with whom the bishop is at variance, and the orders of the latter are indisputable. It is impossible for him not to know that even the vices of the French lose much of their deformity by the refinement that accompanies them, whilst those of his countrymen are gross, disgusting, and monstrously flagrant. Gaming is their ruling passion; from morning till night, from night until morning, the men are at the gaming table. They all wear daggers, and a night very seldom passes without being marked by an assassination, of which no notice is taken. The women have recourse to intrigue, sipping chocolate, or reciting prayers on their rosaries. The custom is to dine at twelve, then to sleep till three, and this is the hour favorable to amorous adventures. Whilst the mother, the husband or the guardian sleeps, the lover silently approaches the window of his mistress, and in smothered accents breathes his passion. It is not at all uncommon to see priests so employed; nor are there more dangerous enemies to female virtue, or domestic tranquillity, than these pretended servants of the Lord.

I was at first shocked beyond measure at their licentiousness, for I had been taught to consider priests as immaculate beings; but when I reflect that they are men, and doomed to an unnatural condition, I pardon their aberrations and abhor only their filth, which is abominable. Consider how agreeable a monk must be in this hot country, clothed in woollen, without a shirt, without stockings, and his legs so dirty that their color can not be distinguished, to which add a long beard; and yet these creatures are favorites with women of all ranks and all descriptions.

There are many religious orders here, among which the Franciscan friars are the richest, and they are also the most irregular in their conduct.

LETTER IX.

* * * In the first days of the massacre, when the negroes ran through the town killing all the white men they encountered, a Frenchman was dragged from the place of his concealment by a ruthless mulatto, who, drawing his sabre, bade him prepare to die. The trembling victim raised a supplicating look, and the murderer, letting fall his uplifted arm, asked if he had any money. He replied that he had none; but that if he would conduct him to the house of an American merchant, he might probably procure any sum he might require. The mulatto consented, and when they entered the house, the Frenchman with all the energy of one pleading for his life, entreated the American to lend him a considerable sum. The gentleman he addressed was too well acquainted with the villainy of the negroes to trust to their word. He told the mulatto that he would give the two thousand dollars demanded, but not till the Frenchman was embarked in a vessel which was going to sail in a few days for Philadelphia, and entirely out of danger. The mulatto refused. The unfortunate Frenchman wept, and the American kept firm. While they were disputing, a girl of color, who lived with the American, entered, and having learned the story, employed all her eloquence to make the mulatto relent. She sunk at his feet, and pressed his hands, which were reeking with blood. Dear brother, she said, spare for my sake this unfortunate man. He never injured you; nor will you derive any advantage from his death, and by saving him, you will acquire the sum you demand, and a claim to his gratitude. She was beautiful; she wept, and beauty in tears has seldom been resisted. Yet this unrelenting savage did resist; and swore, with bitter oaths, to pursue all white men with unremitting fury. The girl, however, hung to him, repeated her solicitations, and offered him, in addition to the sum proposed, all her trinkets, which were of considerable value.

The mulatto, enraged, asked if the Frenchman was anything to her. Nothing, she replied; I never saw him before; but to save the life of an innocent person, how trifling would appear the sacrifice I offer. She continued her entreaties in the most caressing tone, which for sometime had no effect, when softening all at once, he said, I will not deprive you of your trinkets, nor is it for the sum proposed that I relent, but for you alone, for to you I feel that I can refuse nothing. He shall be concealed, and guarded by myself till the moment of embarking; but, when he is out of danger, you must listen to me in your turn.

She heard him with horror; but, dissembling, said there would be always time enough to think of those concerns. She was then too much occupied by the object before her.

The American, who stood by

and heard this proposal, made to one to whom he was extremely attached, felt disposed to knock the fellow down, but the piteous aspect of the almost expiring Frenchman withheld his hand. He gave the mulatto a note for the money he had demanded, on the conditions before mentioned, and the Frenchman was faithfully concealed till the vessel was ready to sail, and then embarked.

When he was gone, the mulatto called on the girl, and offering her the note, told her that he had accepted it as a matter of form, but that he now gave it to her; and reminded her of the promise she had made to listen to his wishes. Her lover entering at that moment told him that the vessel was then out of the harbor, and that his money was ready. He took it, and thus being in the power of the American gentleman, who had great weight with Dessalines, he probably thought it best to relinquish his projects on the charming Zuline, for she heard of him no more.

(THE END.)

The Gold of the Dream

By Stokely S. Fisher

Blame not yourself, dear; you are not untrue:
You slept and loved a dream—you love it yet.
I am enriched: let there be no regret:
While you loved love, and I loved only you,
I slept, but my heart waked, all joy! Earth grew
Eden, and you, my Eve, unsullied, set
Above the world, to worship. Oh, you let
Into my soul all beauty! Life is new.
You go, but leave your loveliness with me,—
I could not lose it, even were I blind,—
Secure from time, never to be estranged,
Inviolate, it mine shall always be!
Nay! Let farewell be final: I have shrined
Your image with my dead, to keep unchanged.

THE DARK CORNER

By ZACH McGHEE

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER it was decided that Amanda should go off to school, the Jordan family felt called upon, in what time they could spare from picking cotton and "git'n in the corn," first to sit down, hold their hands, and speculate upon what a fine lady she would be when she should come back. After this had occupied a period of some three or four weeks, there were yet a few days which could be given up to the necessary preparations. Though she was to get a fine uniform at Hollisville, she would need a few clothes besides.

Now this going off to school was an event not only in the Jordan household; news of it having been disseminated through the regular and long-established medium, "church," it was the talk of the whole surrounding neighborhood. There was, therefore, no lack of those who, in order to join in the family speculations as to the final outcome, would have gladly gone over to the Jordans and assisted with the sewing. But it was the busy season; other people besides the Jordans were "git'n in the corn." So it happened that Jane Moore, a crippled girl who could not work in the fields, was the only one who could come. This, in truth, was much to Amanda's liking, though she said nothing about it; for this arrangement necessitated somebody's bringing Jane in a cart. Who, now, was there to do this but Jane's brother, a youth by the name of Tom?

Now, when the news had spread that Mandy was going off to school, a few girls were a little bit envious, and several men were disposed to say that Ole Man Jordan must have lots of money to be wasting it that way; but only one person in all the community around really viewed the enterprise with downright disapproval and displeasure. This was Tom Moore.

Tom was a long, lank, good-natured, red-headed youth about eighteen, whom everybody in the community liked and whom nobody admired. His father considered him a pretty good plow-hand, but he wouldn't plow except when there was something else more important and urgent to be done. The teachers at school pronounced him the best all-round fellow at school to do anything anybody suggested except study. But there was no way to punish him, for he liked all things equally well and showed on all occasions and under all circumstances that he would as lief do one thing as another, if indeed he would not rather. If the teacher kept him in at recess, he took much more interest and delight in fixing a broken bench or chair than in anything the boys ever did on the playground. If for any dereliction he was given extra work to do, he would invariably turn up with a small part of it done and talk and beam with such delightful anticipations of the pleasure he was going to have doing the rest of it that the teacher felt that in order to punish him with any effect he ought to be excused from doing any more.

There were two routes Tom could take going to and from school; by one it was two miles, by the other it was three and a half. Both going and coming he invariably took the three and a half miles route. This was not because Tom was a fool. Amanda lived one mile from the schoolhouse, on the long way. This must have been a very rough part of the road, too, for it always took Tom longer to walk that one mile than to walk the other two and a half. When school was not going on, which was more than three-fourths of the time, Tom's inventive faculty had to be brought into exercise to get something to take the place of that one mile walk. And it was, therefore, when school was not in session that Tom did his hardest study. They had "church" only once a month, and as there were so many grown folks about, it was difficult for him to get to talk with "Mandy" even then. He did manage, though, to sit where he could see her, and she could see him when she chose;

and she chose as often as she imagined he was looking the other way. But he never was.

But Tom's chief displeasure at Amanda's going away was not because he would miss seeing her.

There was another matter that preyed upon his mind; and, here again, this was not because Tom was a fool. He had heard of girls going off to town to school before. On several occasions in his life, he had gone to campmeetings where there were one or two of these town fellows dressed up in fine clothes, with "biled shirts" and "sto'-bought" socks of variegated hues, their hair parted in the middle and plastered down on their heads with some kind of sticky stuff, with the corners of fancy colored silk handkerchiefs sticking out of their side-pockets, and loud smelling cologne oozing out all over them. He had noticed with what little difficulty these fellows always got with the prettiest girls at the campmeeting and walked with them to the spring. There were plenty of these fellows in town. What if Mandy, like all these other girls, should—"Oh, hit's all dad-busted foolishness," he exclaimed to himself; and he made a similar exclamation to Amanda the next day when he went with his sister up to the Jordans'.

"Whut you wanter be gwine up thar with them stuck-up folks fer? They ain't gwineter keer nothin' 'bout you."

"Wal, I reckin they kin let me erlone, then, can't they? retorted Amanda. "I ain't gwine thar fer nobody to keer 'bout me. I'm gwine thar ter larn something."

"Yeh!" Tom answered in a tone of disgust, "en you'll be comin' back here with all sorts of hifalutin notions in yer head, too, like all other gals whut goes up thar."

"I thought you 'lowed I had mo' sense than other gals."

"Wal, you has, Mandy. But you don't know. Them town boys is mighty smart."

"Wal, then, that's whut I'm gwine up thar fur. I'm gwine ter larn. Then I'll be as smart as they is."

Amanda's expression, as we have noticed, when with strangers was usually blank. But her big eyes were not dull, and Tom was not a stranger. The nearest approach to mischief that ever came into her expression was on her face now. She even giggled when Tom replied:

"En whut is you gwine ter larn?—'Cep' er lot er dad-busted foolishness? You know ez well ez I do that you knows enough now."

Whether she knew that she knew enough or not, Amanda's preparations went on, and Tom drove back his ox with a sense of defeat. He had to bear it, but the poor old ox had something to bear, too, as he and his master plodded along through the savannahs. The white "faced" turpentine trees seemed to Tom as if they were grinning at him, and the ox felt the indirect consequence. Tom suffered internally while the ox suffered externally. This correlated suffering was most intense as they passed a little clump of unboxed pine trees, "round timber," as the inhabitants called it. Here in his fancy, the lover had built him a neat log house and a barn for his ox. He had even dreamed of some day replacing the log house with a frame one, and had peopled it, in his finer fancy, with himself and Mandy and the humble beginnings of a new race of men. He had already spoken to his "paw" about the log house; and, as Mandy had only half shied and then smiled when he had mentioned it to her, on the way from school, he had accustomed himself to look on the matter as settled. "Now, thar's no tellin' whut'll come er this hyuh fool Hollisville business," he was saying to himself, and remarking it in still harsher tones to his beast, "Go 'long thar, you dad-busted, flop-eared fool, you!"

In a few days Mrs. Jordan, with the help of Amanda and Jane Moore, had finished the elaborate wardrobe, which Amanda carried to Hollisville in a square box. The wardrobe included two new checked homespun dresses, of the usual pattern worn in the Dark Corner. One of them, though, meant for her Sunday dress, until she could get her uniform, was pleated in front and had large frills on the sleeves and the collar. It was likewise drawn slightly at the waist. She had also a new sunbonnet to wear on her trip. Several pairs of white stockings were selected from the ones Mrs. Jordan had knit the previous winter. Her grandfather was to get her a new pair of shoes in Hollisville.

On the appointed day, Mr. Jordan hitched up the gray mule to the "wag-

gin" we have already seen enter Hollisville, and they were off. Tom was there that morning, having come with his cart for his sister Jane. He got up into the wagon and sat with Amanda while Mr. Jordan was getting ready the two days' feed for his mule.

"Tom, why don't you save up an' go off ter school yerself?" Amanda asked.

"Mph!" shrugged Tom. "I wouldn't go up thar if they'd give me the whole dad-busted town."

Amanda just tittered. And that is all either of them said, though they sat there in the wagon side by side for full ten minutes. Shortly after that, she was gone, and Tom was slashing the hide of his poor ox as they plodded sullenly down the road in the opposite direction. His sister knew what was the matter; so she said nothing. The ox knew something unusual was the matter, but he plodded patiently and uncomplainingly on.

We shall see if this was all because Tom was a fool. Already Amanda has arrived at the very fountain head of "hifalutin notions."

Chapter IX.

If that night the great Professor spent at his home out in the Dark Corner of Pee Dee, Ole Man Bill Jordan was "tickled to death," as they say in these modern days, it would take a far stronger expression to give an adequate idea of his impressions now after his visit to Hollisville. The Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson President, you must understand, was flourishing. Since the afternoon the new Professor got off the train, six weeks before, pupils had been coming in. Indeed, why not? Circulars, announcements, bulletins, catalogues had been distributed broadcast o'er the land; advertisements had been running regularly in the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian papers, and in the county papers of several counties; students, both boys and girls, had been going hither and thither during the summer months, dressed in gay and captivating uniforms, and bright blue caps displaying the letters H. C. M. I. wrought in gaudy gold. And if all these did not avail, there was Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson himself, arrayed in his every-day suit with Prince Albert coat, kid gloves, and silk hat, or bedecked in his regimentals, a suit of blue with big brass buttons, gold cords, and plumed chapeau. He went out into the highways and byways and compelled them to come. The feast was ready; there must be guests.

And they came. They might come, you know, any time of the day or the month or the year. They were always welcomed with open arms, and an open purse. Their previous schooling was an unknown quantity, and the quality was of no concern; no embarrassing questions were asked. They were speedily enrolled and the new number, with sufficient allowances for those who were expected or who might come in unexpected, printed upon the circulars and corrected in the newspaper advertisements. The "students" were distributed over as many counties as possible; and the facts—and the figures—duly advertised; for, said the President, "Business is business." But one or two things were more important even than enrollment. One was the payment for the first month or quarter or term, according to the amount of money the students had with them. Another was to get dressed out in the uniform—for which they paid the Professor. Then with what money they had left they bought books—those which the Professor happened to have on hand, and he usually happened to have on hand those which, being out of use elsewhere, were bought at a bargain from the publishers. The "students" bought these books—at the regular price—and were proud to do it, for whenever they got a new book it meant advancement, and the higher the price of a book, the higher was considered the advancement.

Many varieties of beings came to be enrolled, bedecked in the gay and captivating uniform, and duly and ceremoniously "finished off."

Sam Hubbard arrived one day from Buckstown. He wore a pair of close-fitting checked trousers, a gray cutaway coat, with a fancy colored vest, a pair of bright tan shoes, red socks, a beautifully twisted sandy moustache, and a dented, bandless derby hat set on the side of his stunning curly head. There was a two and a half cent cigar stuck in his mouth at an angle of about sixty

degrees, and when the boys gathered around him on the playground, he told them stories of his former achievements.

Sam was not quite sure what studies he would take up, but he had come to prepare himself to be a lawyer. After spending several days visiting around the various classes so as to see exactly which ones were best adapted to his particular tastes and requirements, he decided that he would devote himself exclusively to the development of his oratorical powers. By the end of a week he found that he knew enough about that, especially since there were too many small boys in the class and he had to memorize selections, which might interfere with a more rational exercise of his reasoning faculties. Moreover, it occurred to him that incidental to the practice of law, he would need to be a man of broad culture. He decided to leave off the study of practical oratory and take up studies in the Latin language and literature. By the time he got hold of the great principles of the Latin language and literature as taught in the H. C. M. I., namely, that *mensa* means *a table* and that *mensae* means anything *of* or *about, with, from, in, by, to,* or *for a table,* as well as the whole tribe of tables, Sam concluded he knew enough about tables and was sufficiently equipped in the Latin language and literature to win his way in the world of culture. But he wanted to be versed also in Greek, so he entered the Greek class. He learned the alphabet down to *kappa,* when he realized that he ought to be a man of science; so concluding that he had mastered enough Greek, he took up the study of physiology. He made such progress in this that in ten days' time he had learned the number of bones in the human body and had even memorized two or three of their names. But he was not satisfied with knowing merely language, literature and science. All knowledge must be his province. The world of commerce and manufacture alone awaited to be mastered. To this end, he dropped everything else and began to devote himself to the art and science of bookkeeping. But, alas! alas! Even Napoleon had his Waterloo! Sam made the mistake of his life; he started in at the wrong end of the line. If he wanted to become an authority on great industrial and commercial matters, he ought to have started out by running for the office of State Treasurer or Comptroller of the Currency, or at least by editing a daily newspaper. He had not been pursuing this business course a week before Pattison, the Professor of Commerce, informed him that he could not attain the highest honors in that department unless he would learn the multiplication table. That, of course, was out of the question; a man of his dignity and station in society could not afford to enter the primary arithmetic class.

But think you not, though defeated once, the heroic spirit of Sam was conquered. He took two or three days off for reflection, for prayer and meditation. At the end of this time, he turned up one morning with a solemn expression on his noble countenance. The fancy colored vest was nowhere to be seen, the cutaway coat was buttoned in front, the derby hat sat straight upon his head, and his tan shoes had been blacked. All these years, he said, the Divine call to preach the Gospel had been ringing in the ears of his soul, and now he could resist it no longer. He would henceforth teach and preach. To this end he set about studying psychology, pedagogy, and theology.

Now it chanced that the great Tilson himself was the "professor" of these branches; hence, in about three months, being always prompt and regular in the payment of his tuition and board, and having then no more money, Sam was duly graduated from the H. C. M. I. and entered immediately upon a career of teaching and preaching in the county of Pee Dee.

A year or two later, a Mr. Hereford, a young professor in Yale University, was in the lower part of Pee Dee, studying forestry. There he met a young man, "Professor Hubbard" they called him, who went out into the woods with him. This "Professor Hubbard" seemed to know a good deal about the trees of the forest, where, though the Yale professor did not know it, he had been brought up as an axeman. Mr. Hereford suggested to this young man that he go to Yale and take a course in forestry. With great dignity, and with some indignation, Professor Sam replied, "Why, sir, I thank you. But that would be a reflection upon my alma mater."

But let us return to Professor Jefferson Marquinius Tilson and his visitor.

The Professor took his cane, always an important and impressive part of his personality, and started around with his guest to show him the "dormitories."

Now, the picture of "Students' Manse" shown on the front cover of the catalogue of the Hollisville Collegiate Military Institute, was, to be accurate, an exact reproduction of a photograph of what was going to be. To get an idea of what it really was, just imagine two or three shackly barn-like buildings rolled up against each other and the angles inclosed with rough, unpainted planks, and you have it. The main building was a two-story frame structure of, what we might call, a unique pattern; that is, if it had any pattern, or style of architecture. Some things, just as some people, manage to rock along in this world of ours without any style. Among these must be numbered a village schoolhouse and a boarding-house. "Students' Manse" was a cross between the two, and it inherited from both parents. Whatever it was, though, and however it looked in reality, Ole Man Bill Jordan was all sorts of a liar if he did not think the H. C. M. I. a "mazin' consarn" and the Professor a "mazin' cjjicator.

What matter to him if everything that was going to be was not already? The elegant building with the colonnade and the flag-pole and the grass plots and the fountains and the cannons, which the Professor showed him in the catalogue—what matter that these were not actually there as in the picture? Had he lived in the solitudes of the forest all his years without developing an imagination? Why, he saw the very spot of ground where it was to be built. Even some of the bricks were pointed out to him, with which the building was to be erected, as soon as the builders, the contractors, the mechanics, and architects should arrive from Asheville, where they were putting up a somewhat similar building for George Vanderbilt. As to the wonderful thoroughness of the teaching, and the comprehensiveness of the course of study, added to the fact, as advertised in all the circulars and announcements, that "each professor" was a "specialist in his line," that was one of the most impressive things that he had ever heard of. Of course, besides all these things which were going to be, he saw wonders enough right there in the reality. Moving about through the rough patched-up building, through dingy, dirty corridors, and up and down rickety stairs, Tilson acting as guide and spieler, they came at length to the top of the stairs leading up to where the boys roomed. A confusion of sounds met their ears. Tilson had sent one of the boys through the rooms to let all know that the Professor and a visitor were coming and that they would be expected to appear at work. Through a partly opened door some twenty or thirty feet away, a tall, fierce-looking boy could be seen gritting his teeth, his fist doubled up, and his arm raised in the attitude of striking a blow, declaring in a terrible voice, "Sir, we must fight."

Ole Man Bill Jordan's cob-pipe fell from his mouth, and his hat flew off—probably because his hair stood on end—as he rushed forward with great excitement. Bounding breathlessly through the door, he found a calm-faced boy standing alone in the middle of the room.

"Whar is he? How'd he git out?" exclaimed the old man.

Tilson arrived a moment later to explain that the boy had not been fighting, but practicing his speech.

"Wal, I'll be dad-smashed!" was all the old man could say, and that seemed to express very adequately his appearance as he stood there with open mouth, staring all around. He calmly took his pipe and hat, which Tilson had picked up, and resumed his walk. Neither Tilson nor the boy know yet whether the old man rushed in to prevent a fight, to witness it, or to take part in it.

Passing down the corridor, they heard from one room, in mighty tones and maddening cadences,

"The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo."

Opening another door, they heard three boys in unison pumping out, with three frantic gestures to each word:

"Black and smoking ruins mark the places which had been the habitations of her children."

And still further down, they heard great roars of eloquence,

"But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night."

"I'm a liar ef'n they ain't speakin' mighty pow'ful ternight," observed the old man. "Whut's hit all erbout?"

"Oh, they do that every night," answered Tilson. "That is a part of their study. We teach them elocution and declamation."

The old man walked along in silence. He did not want to expose his ignorance.

"Whut's them?" he finally asked, his curiosity getting the better of his pride.

"Why, you see," explained the Professor, with no sign of impatience, for he delighted to give instruction, "we teach them how to make speeches; that is, the boys, you understand; we teach the girls to recite. The boys study declamation and the girls study elocution." And the Professor looked around with an air of "That ought to be plain enough and wonderful enough for anybody."

And it was; wonderful enough, anyway.

After a while, as they walked farther down the hall to where some of the girls roomed and heard the piteous heartrending cries of "Curfew shall not ring tonight," and "Lasca was dead!" under some girls' murderous lashes, the old man asked meditatively,

"What is that ar thing, Perfesser, you 'low you teach the gals?"

"You mean elocution?" asked Tilson.

"Yas'r—hellcution. That wuz what them ar boys wuz doin' back yonder, wan't it? hell-cutin'?"

"No. They were declaiming. The girls study elocution."

With a "Mfm!" he received this information; then walked on until they had got back to the parlor, when Tilson was in the midst of a description of some other marvel.

"Wal, do you 'low fer Mandy ter study that ar hellcutin?"

"Do you wish her to study it?"

"Wal, Perfesser, I reckin I better leave them thar particklers ter you. I reckin, though, she would do pow'ful fine in hit. She's somewhut uv er speaker already. Yit I ain't heerd her speak quite so pow'ful ez them gals you got upstairs. I reckin', though, hit's cause she ain't never studied none er that ar hellcutin."

It was soon arranged that Amanda should take elocution; and Ole Man Bill Jordan paid over to Tilson his last remaining twenty dollars for her tuition in this "special study." All the girls took what was termed elocution. Those paid for it who would and were not likely to find out that the others did not.

But it was the next day, when Mr. Jordan saw the H. C. M. I. in actual operation, that he was so overcome with wonder that he sat down on the steps and declared, "Wal, sir, I'm er liar ef'n I ever heerd tell er sech 'mazin' things in all my bawn days."

When he and the Professor reached the schoolhouse, they beheld crowds of children, scattered all over the grounds, on the porch, in the various rooms, under the house, up trees, anywhere, everywhere, all chattering, romping, quarreling, laughing, yelling; with their books and slates, bags, buckets, some with flowers for their teachers, others with all sorts of toys and playthings. There was a preponderance of tops. Playthings, you know, break out in school like contagious diseases. If one boy contracts a well-developed case of tops, it is not long before there is a raging epidemic of tops.

All of a sudden, in the midst of the great noise and confusion, two boys stepped out of the building, each carrying a tremendous drum, upon which he began to pound with all his might. There was nothing that sounded like martial music in it; there was no time, no unison, no cadence or suggestion of a step; just a noise loud enough to be heard above the din. Every living child on the place scampered into line, though none stopped talking, quarreling, or hollering. And as the big drums went noisily away, without time or measure, the children each in his own step began to crowd into the house. It was against the rules to talk in line. This was probably the reason for having the drums, to drown it out, like certain brass bands whose players manage to escape hanging by having a big drum to drown out the discordant sounds of the other instruments.

Old Man Bill Jordan watched all this with wide open mouth, and thought it was all very grand. Inside, Tilson showed him how they opened the school with prayer and a song, and pointed out to him the proudly strutting boy with the red sash wrapped around him and his cap on in the house. The old man's mouth opened wider than ever as he contemplated this majestic functionary, while the Professor, calling him the Officer of the Day, explained his duties. In

a little while, the recitations began. The Professor's classes were excused because he had to show a visitor around. Miss Hall and Miss Anderson had drills, songs, and recitations in the hall all the morning, in preparation for a coming entertainment. After passing through all the class-rooms and hearing the Professor tell about what marvelous things the children were learning, including mathematics and physiology, geology, orthography, ancient and modern languages, chirography, grammar, and other wonders, the visitor was seated in the hall, where he experienced great delight watching the drills and listening to the songs and recitations. The recitations interested him especially.

"Perfesser, is Mandy to speak up thar with them?"

"Yes, sir," answered Tilson.

"Wal, when is she gwi practice her piece?"

"Why, I think I will try her now if she knows a piece."

"She knows er piece," said Mr. Jordan.

"Mandy" was sent for and told to "say her piece." She was very shy, but without hesitation went up on the stage. The other boys and girls took seats; the two ladies stood aside, Tilson, Mr. Jordan, and all the rest, including the children reciting a geography lesson at the other end of the hall, looking on and listening, while Amanda recited in a nasal sing-song drawl:

My life is like the summer rose,
That opens to the morning sky;
But ere the shades of evening close,
Is scattered on the ground to die!
Yet on the rose's humble bed
The sweetest dews of night are shed,
As though she wept such waste to see,
But none shall weep a tear for me!

My life is like the autumn leaf,
That trembles in the moon's pale ray;
Its hold is frail—its date is brief,
Restless—and soon to pass away!
Yet, ere that leaf shall fall and fade,
The parent tree will mourn its shade,
The winds bewail the leafless tree—
But none shall breathe a sigh for me!

Miss Hall, who with a baton in her hand stood beside the piano, half-amused, half chagrined, watching the girl and watching the other children to keep them from laughing aloud, might have beat time for the recitation without once having to hasten or retard, for Amanda's tempo was unvarying four-four measure, and she never missed a note.

The children thoroughly enjoyed this performance in spite of the fact that Miss Hall motioned her baton at them several times, and looked so sternly at them that they had to put up their hands and handkerchiefs and books in order to laugh. Mr. Jordan so thoroughly enjoyed it that he did not notice the effect on anybody else, although he looked at Tilson every now and then as if to say, "See there! What'd I tell you!" He considered it a great success, and when Tilson promised that Mandy should say that piece at the coming entertainment, he was so overjoyed that he exclaimed, "I'm er liar ef'n I don't wish the Ole Oman wuz hyuh ter see hit."

The old man started for home that afternoon intoxicated with wonder. He felt good all over for having found such an institution for his "gal" to finish off in, and he thanked God for sending him such an amazing man as Professor Tilson.

"That ar dad-smashed Tom Moore! The idee er his cut'n his shines roun' Mandy! Go 'long thar, Jake"—this to his gray mule—"I'm a liar ef'n she's gwi marry no sich dad-smashed country clodhopper as that ar—go 'long, I tell you, Jake."

So musing, he wobbled on through the sand and the savannahs, he and Jake, his gray mule, to his home in the Dark Corner.

(CONTINUED IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE)

THE REVERSE-SIDE OF THE MEDAL

By JOHN WALLACE CRAWFORD

(CAPT. JACK, THE POET SCOUT)

THE PICTURE on the other side! How seldom do we think of it. As long as the face of Life's medal shines with honor and beauty, how few care for the reverse side of it. We do not stop to consider, since the shining face is turned toward us, the outer and secret side is turned toward the Infinite. We do not think of what may be engraved there; but that invisible side belongs as much to us as the bright side, although we do not see it; that hidden and ugly side of our lives which we willfully put away from us, while we glory in the radiance of that we wish to see.

Looking into the lives of the great, rich men of today and reading the things they give out to the newspapers for publication, like the interview J. P. Morgan recently gave to a Parisian newspaper, I wonder if, after all, they are not as anarchistic and as fatal to freedom as the wretch who unsheaths his dagger for the heart of a hated ruler.

The great, rich men—the men who hold it in their power to go down through coming generations loved and blessed for the good they can do, yet all these great, rich men have a perverted idea of charity—believe they are good and pleasing in the sight of the Almighty and they and a chosen few only are more than worms; they wrap a mantle of selfishness about their shoulders and of their fellows will have nothing, unless it be their heart's blood.

Oh, I wonder if these great, rich men know what the crutch is made of that helps them to walk so high above the rest of men.

The whole world revolts at the atrocities of the Congo, and the brutalities perpetrated at the command of the despotic King Leopold, yet I hold no man can become rich to the extent of millions, without the crutch made of human lives, which helps him bear himself aloft above all others.

Great riches is great sin.

It can not be otherwise, for if these men would pay to their workers wages which would be in the measure of justice the Creator meant they should have, when in creating the world He made all men equal, it would be impossible for these great, rich men to become so rich. If they would not gamble with this money squeezed in drops of molten gold from the hearts of men, women and children toilers, they could not be so rich.

Even today the money panic has given us an insight into the great, rich man's heart, seldom vouchsafed the world, for they have, with few exceptions, taken advantage of the stringency of the money market, which could do them but little harm and in rare cases could impoverish them—but they have taken advantage of a condition of the money market to *cut down wages*—wages already so low the worker can only buy the necessaries of life and sometimes but few of these, and I am ashamed to say most of these men are churchmen who profess a love of God.

But, oh, great, rich men, no man loves God who does not love his fellow men.

I have heard your arguments. Many of your favorite axioms are these:

"It is not my fault if the worker is not more skilled and therefore can not command better pay."

"It is not my fault if Tom, Dick or Harry hasn't the capacity to do more work and earn more money."

"It isn't my fault if the women are lazy and can only earn a dollar a day."

"It isn't my fault the poor have so many children and such great expense in consequence."

"It isn't my fault the demand for a certain commodity has slackened and I

must lay off half my workers in consequence."

"It isn't my fault people fall sick and die, or that the poor don't educate their children as they should. We have a free school system and they can go to school if they like.

"It isn't my fault there as so many drunkards in the world, or that so many young men sacrifice the best part of their manhood in cigarette-smoking and gambling."

Then whose fault is it?

Oh, great, rich man, don't think because the face of life's medal is bright that you are not responsible for the other side of it, for it is your fault the worker is not more skilled; what man has the heart to learn and improve his condition of mind and teach his fingers to be skill-

"CAPTAIN JACK" CRAWFORD

ful, when hour by hour, day by day, week by week and year by year, he must, *inevitably must*, stand at the grind, grind, grind of the bread machine and make dollars for you, but nothing for himself save his humble loaf, a leaking roof and six feet of earth when he is done with you.

That is on the reverse side of your medal.

It is your fault, for the same reason, that Tom, Dick and Harry have not the capacity to earn more money, for a mind dulled by the grind of your relentless mills can have the capacity only for suffering.

It is your fault that the women can not often *GET* more than a dollar a day, for she earns more—she earns as much as the man oftentimes, for she works more doggedly, more desperately. But you, in your indisputable judgment, think she is not worth as much and you pay her less and crush her harder to earth, because she is weaker and you are not afraid of her; and that too, *facing your God, is on the reverse side of your medal.*

It is your fault the poor have such great expense in rearing large families of children, for you hold the necessaries of life so high that you make their expenses great.

But, thank God, there is one thing that is not your fault, and that is that the poor do have so many children—*but* it is your fault that you have so few, and I'm thinking it is a good thing, for they would be rich men, like you, and would help to keep the world from progress, just as you are doing.

It is your fault the demand for a certain commodity has slackened and you must lay off half your workers, for you have overstocked the market while labor and life was cheap; you have all you need to make dollars for you and it matters not to you that the needs of your brother men must go unfilled, that he shall be bowed with debt and become unfitted for the battle of life through want and worry, which at its best pays him but poorly, and that he shall fall sick and die and leave widows and orphans to grind out their lives in their turn at your machines.

It is your fault that the poor do not educate their children as they should, for when they can go to school you charge the highest you dare for the books they need and change the series as often as possible in your efforts to grind out a few more drops of blood from breaking hearts and disappointed lives, and then the children must be taken away to help in the grind of daily life—to make dollars for you that they may help their parents pay some other great rich man for the roof above their heads.

It is your fault there are so many drunkards in the world, for it is you who are selling the whisky, and the young men who sacrifice the best part of their manhood through smoking and gambling are buying their tobacco of you and gambling in your saloons, for no one pretends to be so ignorant as not to know you own the saloons, while some poor slave may have his name above the door.

It is all your fault, oh, great, rich man!

Even though some poor saloonkeeper may run the place in his name, it is your name that glares on the contract that sends young souls to hell, and I'm thinking the reverse side of your medal bears a very lurid picture of that hell.

And that is why it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than it is for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF ANDREW JACKSON

IT IS a historical fact that, previous to the election of Andrew Jackson to the Presidency, the educated and proprietor classes had ruled the Republic,—the men of the schools and of the colleges were on top. The national administration was perhaps as pure as any that ever was known. The breath of scandal seldom blew against those who were at the helm. With the advent of Jackson, and the throwing aside of the Congressional Caucus (in which the trained civilians of the highest class selected some experienced statesman for the Chief Executive), a change took place. We have already seen how this Congressional Caucus, committed to Crawford as it was, became an obstacle in the pathway of those who wished to be pulled up into place and power, by hanging onto the coat-tails of the tremendously popular military hero, and how they persistently, aggressively and unscrupulously undermined it, in a slanderous and systematic campaign.

Beyond all comparison, the methods used in the election of Jackson were the worst that the country had ever known. The lowest passions were fanned into flames; class and sectional hatred were factors in the fight; venomous and utterly false slanders were the weapons of the warfare; and the triumph which Jackson won was really a triumph of passion and prejudice over reason and political honesty.

During the whole period of four years in which the storm raged, John Quincy Adams never veered an inch from the pathway of rigid impartiality, in the giving of patronage; nor from the highest standards of administrative integrity. On the other hand, we find Senator Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, relating with great gusto, how the support that was necessary to Jackson's success was bought by legislative favors. For instance, the State of Ohio desired an appropriation of half a million acres of public land, in aid of the Scioto Canal. Ohio was not only a big State, but a doubtful one; therefore, it was of the utmost importance that she be won to Old Hickory. Of course, the Adams men were after her, too. The friends of the two candidates rushed into Congress a bill which provided for the grant of the public lands which Ohio desired. The Jackson men were the quickest; got in their bill first; and secured priority of consideration for it in the Committee of the Whole, where it was agreed to. By some sort of strategy, however, the friends of Adams (their bill being a little later than that of the Jackson men,) got ahead of the other bill on the calendar. This was fatal to the other measure, it being impossible to expect that two grants of land for the same purpose could be passed at the same time. But, almost incredible to relate, the friends of Jackson actually followed the land-grant bill of the Adams men up to the Senate, and secured an amendment which, in effect, gave Ohio

the full amount of land carried in both bills. In other words, this doubtful State got twice the amount of public land that she had originally desired. This result came about in a mere selfish and corrupt effort of the rival politicians to win the favor of Ohio and gain her electoral votes. Nothing worse than that happens now.

In 1828 the number of electoral votes was two hundred and sixty-one. Of these, General Jackson received one hundred and seventy-eight, and Mr. Adams eighty-three. With the exception of one electoral district in Maine, John Quincy Adams carried New England, solidly. Mr. Crawford's hatred of John C. Calhoun was shown in his ability to throw away seven of Georgia's electoral votes for Vice-President upon William Smith, of South Carolina. The entire vote of Georgia was given to General Jackson, and this emphasized the slap at Calhoun. With the exception of that State, Mr. Calhoun received the vote of every district that his chief carried. In Tennessee, the ticket of Adams and Rush received less than three thousand votes. In many of the towns every vote was cast for the ticket of Jackson and Calhoun.

A member of the North Carolina Legislature related to James Parton—the American Plutarch—an incident which he witnessed in a Tennessee village, on the afternoon of the day of the presidential election of 1828. He found the whole village chasing two men; and, upon inquiry, learned that the two men had to flee to the woods to escape being tarred and feathered by their thoroughly indignant, and somewhat intoxicated, fellow citizens. The crime which they had committed was, that they had voted against General Jackson.

In other parts of Tennessee, however (especially in East Tennessee), there was very bitter feeling against Old Hickory; and one of the savagest pamphlets that was ever shot at him was boldly published, over his signature, by a man of considerable local prominence, John R. Nelson. In this pamphlet, Jackson's primitive way of securing a wife was described in the most offensive terms,—so offensive, indeed, that I do not care to repeat them.

Good Aunt Rachel had not wished the General to enter politics, again. She believed that the afternoon of their life should be spent together, in peace, at the Hermitage. Her soul was weary of the hot conflicts which General Jackson's appearance in public life always precipitated. She was tired unto death of vituperation, rancor, feuds, factional fights, duels, and stabbings; and she longed for nothing so much as for domestic repose and happiness. Besides, the faithful wife, who had been through so many tempests with her storm-petrel of a husband, was not in good health. For several years, she had complained of heart-trouble. Excitement, of course, aggravated this ailment. To have her name dragged into the public press and public debates was intensely disagreeable to her. She was often found bathed in tears. There can be no question that this presidential campaign,

this awful torrent of abuse which beat upon the heads of herself and the General for four long years, shortened her life.

When December, 1828, came, the cavalier of the pale horse was en route to the Hermitage. On that day, Aunt Rachel was suddenly stricken down and, with what the negro servant, "Old Hannah", described as "a horrible shriek", the good woman placed her hands upon her heart, sank into a chair, and then fell forward into old Hannah's arms. She was placed upon her bed, messengers hurried away for assistance, the negro woman rubbed her side, but she writhed in agony, gasping for breath. The General came, on the run, in a state of pitiable alarm. After awhile the doctors arrived, and the house was filled with relatives, friends and servants. During the next two days her sufferings were excruciating. The General never left her bedside for ten minutes at a time. Then, as the end approached, the pain went away; and she recovered speech, assured her husband that she was quite well, and begged him to go to another room and get some sleep. She reminded him that he would need all his strength for the great banquet that they were preparing for him at Nashville; and that he must not weaken himself with fasting and lack of rest. But the General mistrusted her sudden release from pain. To him, it seemed a bad symptom; and so it was. Saturday and Sunday passed with her lying on the bed, painlessly, but very weak and inert, while the General watched her, sleeplessly, devotedly. On Monday, her condition was about the same; and at length, at nine o'clock at night, the General did agree to go to the next room and lie down. He had not been gone more than five minutes when his wife, who had been removed from the bed in order that it might be made up, uttered a loud, prolonged, inarticulate scream, and fell forward upon the shoulders of the old negro woman. There was a rattling noise in her throat, and she was dead. The General rushed wildly into the room, and cried out, "Bleed her! bleed her!" They did so, but found that no blood would flow from her arm. "Try her temple, Doctor!" cried the General. Two drops crimsoned her white cap, but that was all.

It must have been a heart-breaking spectacle to have seen that old man (who could, on occasion, be *so* savage, *so* unrelenting, *so* cruel, *so* irresponsive to all pleas for mercy,) stand there, misery personified, refusing to believe the evidence of his eyes, feeling her hands, feeling her feet, and ordering the servants with a broken voice, when they were preparing a table for laying her out, "Spread four blankets on it: if she does come to, she would lie so hard on that bare table."

All night long he sat in the room by her side, with her face in his hands, speechless with sorrow, now and then looking hard into her face, and feeling, now her heart, and then her wrist, hoping that the life-beat would be felt.

The funeral scene you can imagine. The large crowd, the universal sorrow for the dead wife and sympathy for the surviving husband, the wailing of relatives and servants, the solemnness and lonesomeness that hung over the Hermitage like a pall, the General's own

suffering, the lowering of the coffin into the ground, the falling of the clods covering her up, and that most awful of all dispersions of collected humanity—the departure from a new-made grave:—every bit of this you can imagine so well that it need not be described.

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In Mrs. Trollope's "Domestic Manners of the Americans," we get a glimpse of President-elect Andrew Jackson on his way to Washington City to be inaugurated. It was at Cincinnati, and the General was expected, on his way, by steamer, to Pittsburg. Mrs. Trollope describes the approach of the boat, and she speaks of the splendor in which the escort steamers were decorated. "The roofs of all three were covered by a crowd of men; cannon salutes were fired from the shore as they passed by, to the distance of a quarter of a mile above the town; there they turned about, and came down the river with a rapid and stately motion, the three vessels so close together as to appear one mighty mass upon the water." She states that the crowd on the shore awaited Jackson's arrival in perfect silence. When the boat reached the bank, the people on board gave a faint hurrah, but it was not answered by any note of welcome from the land. She says, however, that "this cold silence was not produced by any want of friendly feeling towards the new President;" for during the whole of the campaign he had been decidedly the most popular candidate at Cincinnati; and the cry of "Jackson, forever!" she had been accustomed to hear. She related how the General had declined to ride to the hotel in the carriage which had been provided; and how he walked through the crowds, which parted as he stalked along. He made the impression upon this English lady that, in spite of his carelessly worn gray hair, his harsh, gaunt features, that he was "a gentleman and a soldier."

Jackson was in deep mourning for his wife, and as he made his way through the crowd, Mrs. Trollope was very much pained to hear some one near her exclaim, as the President-elect approached the place where she stood, "There goes Jackson, where is his wife?" Another sharp voice, at a little distance, cried out, "Adams, forever!" She states that these sounds were all that she heard to break the silence. But she states that, "There was not a hulking boy from a keel-boat who was not introduced to the President, unless, indeed, as was the case with some, they introduced themselves." She says that, when she was at Jackson's elbow, "a greasy fellow" accosted him with these words:

"'General Jackson, I guess?'

"The General bowed assent.

"'Why, they told me you was dead.'

"'No! Providence has hitherto preserved my life.'

"'And is your wife alive, too?'

"The General was apparently much hurt, and told the man that his wife was dead. Upon which, this human brute completed his dialogue by saying:

"'Aye, I thought it was one or the 'tother of yer.'"

* * * * * * * * * *

The National Journal, published in Washington City, was con-

sidered the personal organ of President John Quincy Adams. During the campaign of 1828, it had published infamous attacks upon the reputation of Aunt Rachel; and General Jackson believed that Mr. Adams was responsible for these assaults. There is evidence that *The National Journal* was Adams' personal organ, but General Jackson was not in the habit of waiting for proofs. He had a habit of jumping at conclusions on very slight provocation, and after he had formed an opinion all creation couldn't change it. Acting upon the assumption that his rival for the presidency had been a party to the slandering of Mrs. Jackson, the General refused to call upon the President, on his arrival in Washington in February, 1829. In consequence of this studied disrespect and breach of custom, Mr. Adams, in his turn, refused to accompany General Jackson on his way to the Capitol on the day of his inauguration. In fact, they did not meet at all.

Innumerable throngs rushed into Washington City to see the inauguration. Such cheering, such enthusiasm, such admiration for the political idol, had never been witnessed before. Mr. Webster said that, "persons have come five hundred miles to see General Jackson. They really seem to think that the country has been rescued from some terrible danger. I never saw such a crowd before."

The oath was taken in the usual place, in the usual way; and General Jackson read his written address in a voice which very few heard. Then came the procession to the White House. Judge Story, who was an Adams man, declared that he never saw such a mixture of polished and unpolished people in his life. The washed and the unwashed were on a common plane of equality. The disgusted New England Judge declared that "King Mob was triumphant"; and he said that he was glad to escape the scene as soon as he could.

One of the letter-writers, describing the aftermath of the inauguration, said that "a profusion of refreshments had been provided,—orange punch by barrels-full was made, but as the waiters opened the doors to bring it out, a rush would be made, the glasses broken, the pails of liquor emptied, and the most painful confusion prevailed. To such a painful degree was this carried that the wine and ice creams could not be brought out to the ladies, and tubs of punch were taken from the lower story into the garden to lead off the crowd from the rooms." There was no order at all. The crowd was too great; the bustle too strenuous. Men with heavy and muddy boots stood up on the chairs which were covered by damask satin. They did this in their eagerness to get a glimpse of the tall, sombre, idolized Jackson.

Many of the books speak of an enormous Pennsylvania cheese,—a cheese that was so prodigious that it not only filled everybody who could eat cheese, but smeared itself over the carpets and the furniture. Somebody remarked to Jackson upon the good-natured riot which was wrecking things in the White House, and making the eminently respectable element of society utter expressions of horror. But the old General was used to rough scenes, and he merely remarked, "O, let the people have a good time; they only get it once in a while."

(CONTINUED IN JANUARY ISSUE.)

THE CHURCH AND CHRISTIANITY.

My Dear Sir:—Presuming you still maintain that department of your Magazine calculated to suggest to subscribers the best sources of information on any subject, I now write you.

I am to write a paper on "The Relation of the Christian Church to Progress". My contention is that the Christian Church has always maintained not only a conservative, but a reactionary attitude towards all progress, and I desire to take up the most significant steps of human progress, through the centuries, and show the attitude of the Church towards the same.

Where shall I be able to find the best information along this line?

Thanking you in advance for any suggestions you may make, I am

Yours truly,

James B. Nelson.

Greencastle, Indiana.

ANSWER.

You must not fail to draw the distinction between the Church as a religious corporation and Christianity which is the spiritual faith that should inspire the individual as well as the organization. Ecclesiasticism, meaning the religious organization, is responsible for some of the greatest and blackest crimes of history. The Church, as a corporation, has seldom been found on the side of human progress and liberty, but religion itself, meaning the development of the spiritual side of the individual, which development usually takes the form of some established religion, has been the cause of a great deal of the improvement both in individuals and in society. For your side of the case, to-wit: against the Church, the book you need is Buckle's "History of Civilization", which you can secure from any book-seller.

ROMAN SLAVES, ROBERT TOOMBS.

Dear Sir:—Will you kindly answer the following questions in your Magazine?

(1) In the "History of the World" I see frequent mention of the slaves of Rome more than seven hundred years before Christ. Were they African slaves? If not, what color and nationality were they?

(2) From whom can I obtain a life-size picture of General Robert Toombs, representing the great orator and statesman as he appeared in 1858?

(3) Why is it that Georgia, and in fact the whole South, has been so indifferent about erecting a fitting memorial to perpetuate the fame of Toombs? Your editorials on Toombs have greatly increased my admiration for that most brilliant of American statesmen. I, like many others, believe him to have been the greatest natural orator and statesman of modern times, perhaps more brilliant than Webster, and more eloquent than Gladstone.

(4) Would it not be a good idea to organize a Toombs Memorial Association in Georgia, and get the Confederate and sons of Confederate veterans throughout the Southern States to take the matter up and solicit contributions to erect a monument to Toombs? Georgia has perpetuated the fame of Hill, Grady, Stephens, and Gordon in marble and bronze statues.

But she owes to no man a more lasting debt of gratitude than she does to Robert Toombs.

Georgia in honoring her great men has honored herself. So it is with South Carolina in honoring Calhoun, the great statesman, and Hampton, the great soldier.

Yours truly,

Robt. R. Jeffares.

Shelton, South Carolina.

ANSWER.

(1) There were African slaves in Rome, but slaves of very many other nationalities, also. Captives, taken in war, were sold into slavery. Thus Cæsar, in his conquest of Gaul, marketed thousands of Celts,—white men and women,—and acquired great sums of money by the inhuman traffic.

(2) I am not able to tell you. You might write to Hon. F. H. Colley, Washington, Ga. A life-size painting of Robert Toombs hangs in the Capitol of Georgia, in Atlanta.

(3) It is difficult to account for. Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that his national work preceded the Civil War; and that during the four years of conflict, he was not one of the great actors.

After the forcible reunion of the States, General Toombs remained an unreconstructed rebel, refused to be a party to any conciliatory policy, and thus isolated himself. It was a grand, lonely, leonine figure,—that of Toombs in his later years.

You are correct in your estimate of his genius. He was as great an orator as any of them. As a lawyer and constructive statesman, he was Webster's superior. Besides, Toombs was a first-rate business man; Webster was no business man at all.

Mr. Gladstone was vastly overrated. He was an orator of the highest type,—lacking, however, in humor and pathos: but his mind was deficient in the luminous profundity of Mr. Toombs.

(4) Yes. The suggestion is a happy one.

Morning, Noon, Night

By Frank E. Anderson

Pale-green the stream. A boat is gliding by,
While morning's roses blossom in the sky.
The light breeze laughs. Upon her lover's breast,
A guileless girl lies blushingly at rest.

Fierce gold the stream. An empty boat ashore.
No air! Noon's sunflowers blazing tawny o'er
The sky. Her tears, his smile the story tell . . .
His lust, her love . . . and heaven changed to hell.

Dead-white the stream. Dead-white the moonlit sky
With midnight's lilies. Hark! A splash, a cry,
Convulsive circles, silence, naught beside
The hoarse complainings of the falling tide.

Communications

THOS. E. WATSON, AUTHOR OF RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

FOUR "TOMS".

My Dear Sir:—We go to our winter home in Florida December 1st, and the first thing after getting there shall send you $1.00 for a year's subscription to the Jeffersonian. I have been getting it this summer of the N. E. News Company in Boston.

Tom Watson, Tom Johnson, Tom Lawson and Tom Paine—to call one of these men Thomas would seem strange.

All of these men have dared to think, do and say things that were original.

Three got close to the people and have tried to make the world better—and those that appreciate them have learned to love them as one of their own family and always call them "Tom".

Your writings on Democracy often remind me of Paine—and I fear that you, like him, will never be appreciated or rewarded.

You would have been President of these United States if my vote would have won the election. I think it a shame that the people of Georgia don't send you to Congress.

We stayed over a few days in Washington on our way up from Florida last April, to hear the debate on the tariff. We wondered where the next crop of statesmen were coming from.

There was very little difference between Daniels and Aldrich! But the latter was more of a dreamer.

Your ideas of the tariff are sound. Ninety-five per cent. of the people of Massachusetts are wage-workers; over sixty per cent. are foreign born; one-twentieth of the wealth of the United States is within a *radius* of fifty *miles* of Boston, and this is all the more remarkable, for nearly one-half of that circle is the Ocean.

Now, how did this five per cent. of the people within this fifty-mile radius get all this wealth? By exploiting the whole country, through robber tariffs and laws that favored the few and robbed the masses.

Give them H—, Tom. You are one of the very few who know the truth and dare to speak it.

I would like to have seen Robert Hunter when he read your answer to his "Wrath of God".

Respectfully,

Chas. H. Whittier.

Winthrop, Massachusetts.

THE LAST YEARS AND BURIAL PLACE OF THE FAMOUS JOHN CLARK.

Editor of The Jeffersonian:—Years ago I was walking along the edge of the live oak grove that stretches along the lovely shores of "Old Saint Andrews", in Washington county, Florida, when I reached a spot whose ruins and grounds reminded me of the ancient of days,—ante-bellum days of wealth and royalty. The wide-spreading, genuine live-oaks stood about these grounds among others of their species in their natural, easy positions along the sidewalk fronting these ruins and lovely bay, and out from the front entrance where once stood the stately cottage by the seashore, where the great Gulf rolls up its salty waves, there are rows of tall, aged palmetto trees standing and growing luxuriantly, and at their trunks were great beds of what we call scrub palmetto, as high as one's shoulders, in their richest green, in contrast with the white sands on the seashore, out of which they were growing.

This picture impressed me as a scene of natural, growing beauty in neglect—in decadence.

Just a little farther to the eastward along the hospitable shores, and a little way back into the grove, I saw a monument in white marble, its top reaching up to the gray Spanish moss swinging in graceful hanks from the limbs of the great trees that reached out over it. There was, too, a background of the yews and holly shrub trees, with their red berries sparkling in the rays of the

sun that stole through these shades. I reverently drew near this lone monument in the grove. I took from my pocket my note-book and pencil and took from the square face near its base, and fronting the east, the following:

Here reposes the remains of
JOHN CLARK
Late Governor of Georgia,
and
NANCY CLARK
his wife.

(North face)
JOHN CLARK
Born February 28th, 1766.
Died October 12th, 1832.

As an officer he was vigilant and brave;
As a Statesman, energetic and faithful;
As a father and friend, devoted and sincere.

(West face)
This monument was erected by their surviving children; Ann W. Campbell and Wiley P. Clark.
1836.

(South face)
NANCY CLARK
Born May 1st, 1774.
Died October 20th, 1832.

The wife, mother and Christian in all. Not from the cold dictates of duty, but the warm affections of a pure and virtuous mind.

Six feet to the south of this monument there is a white marble slab 4 by 2 1-2 feet, resting on a low stone base, with little turned columns standing in each of the corners of the slab. This is the superscription on the top of this slab:

Erected to the memory of the children of
JOHN W. and ANN W. CAMPBELL.

ANN MARIA
Born 24th January, 1823.
Died September 3rd, 1829.

MARCUS ERWIN
Born 25th February, 1831.
Died 3rd February, 1833.

"Of such are the Kingdom of Heaven."

As I stood in the presence of these graves in the grove, I thought of what a lovely spot it was for youth and old age to rest in the sleep of death,—in these beautiful surroundings, under the dirge of the Ocean and the sweet songs of the little feathered tribes, with none to molest,—not even a vestige of an enclosure needed to protect.

I wondered much, and wished for more information, when a native of intelligence chanced to pass by; but he was too young to give me such information as I desired. He said this Governor of Georgia was very wealthy; that he once owned all these groves; that he was a retired Governor and farmer, and spent his last days here in royalty, entertaining his many friends that visited him by hunting, fishing and oystering; that he was the smartest and best Governor that Georgia ever had, but was a very poor speller,—that he spelt "coffee" without using a single letter in the word properly, spelling it "kaughphy". I found others among the few that were then living there that pretended to know something of the history, but what they said would not be reliable and authentic.

Our Florida "Presbytery" met here this week. I was a member, and my curiosity led me to seek out these grounds to see what the new-comers had done for them. There was a new building on the lot where the Governor's cottage stood near the palmetto trees. I found a rude summer-house used for renters, with the kitchen extending back within a few feet of the graves. You could see where the slops from the kitchen were thrown out all about the monument; and a nice, intelligent lady living on the lot west, told me she actually saw the occupants of that cottage feeding their dogs on the slab that rested over the children. One of the little columns was gone from the slab, the remaining three were broken in twain. A dividing wire fence inclosed the graves in that cottage lot.

There was to me quite a change in this monumental spot. Some of the great trees had to give way for the kitchen and cottage, the pendant moss and red sparkling berries were there to greet me, but the change was great.

I was told that newspaper reporters were tnere and had written this spot up, but not in a satisfactory way to those with whom I talked, and the many that are now living there seem to be anxious to know more. I met an old Confederate soldier there who told me that it was in

this grave and over these dead bodies that the Confederate Calvary fought the United States Marines and killed so many. I wondered if the relatives of these distinguished dead, or if Georgia, knew of this desecration of her Governor's grave. I could not help thinking that these people were trespassers, that these grounds had a right to remain as they had for years and years in their natural beauty. So I said, I will write to the editor of the *Jeffersonians*, and he will investigate and give us an acceptable history, one worth reading, and will see that this spot is reclaimed and placed in its pristine beauty and sacredness, an honor to his and our States. It is this that prompts me to write you hurriedly.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN L. MCKINNON, SR.

De Funiak Springs, Florida.

RESPONSE.

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you sincerely for your most interesting letter. It is the first time that I have come across any information in regard to the manner of life led by ex-Governor Clark during his last years. I knew that he had moved away to Florida, but was under the impression that he was in straightened circumstances, and had accepted some small office for the sake of the salary. It is a relief to know that he had not lost his fortune, and that his old age was not harassed by financial cares.

A very stalwart figure he was, in Georgia. He and his father were among the most prominent of the partisan leaders who took part in the Revolutionary War. They won a splendid victory over the British and Tories at Kettle Creek, in Wilkes county,—just above me. Elijah Clark, father of the ex-Governor, led a small band of Georgians at the battle of Kings Mountain—a fact not generally known even to historians. After the war, in which the Clarks won such distinction and popularity, John entered actively into politics, and, as you know, was at the head of the Clark faction, which so evenly divided the State with the Crawford-Troup faction. It was nip and tuck between them; and the furious hatreds which grew out of the struggle lasted down to the Civil War. John Clark fought a duel at High Shoals, on the Apalachee River, with William H. Crawford, and shattered his wrist. Afterwards Clark did his utmost to get Crawford to meet him again, but Crawford persistently declined. One notorious episode in Governor Clark's career was his horse-whipping of Judge Tate, in the streets of Milledgeville, then the State capital. Troup and Crawford were shrewd enough to align most of the leading preachers on their side, and the tide finally setting against Clark, I have always been under the impression that his leaving the State was as much due to chagrin, and the impossibility of living at peace here, as to anything else.

Could you secure some kodak views of the monument, the house, and the scenes that you describe so vividly? If so, I think I would like to write a magazine article on the subject.

Very truly yours,

THOS. E. WATSON.

November 4, 1909.

SOMETHING ABOUT SOCIALISM.

DEAR SIR:—Answering your favor of 26th inst. will say, that Socialists have "Locals" chartered, and the members thereof are required to pay dues, and those in good standing are entitled to what they call the "red card", stamped, up to date. In fact, red is their emblem. They boast of the red flag, which is emblematic of revolution. They ridicule the Christian religion, and are in revolt against the government.

They denounce the law in this State that requires the payment of poll tax in order to vote,—when they are equally exacting, those of the Socialists who are not in good standing in their locals are not permitted to vote in their deliberative bodies, or primaries,—therefore they charge a tax and have no right to howl about the law.

When President Taft was touring Texas, and prior to his visit to San Antonio, the Socialists held closed-door red-flag meetings, and the United States authorities jailed those who participated in such meetings until the President arrived and departed from the city. I read this in the papers.

Now, I have never affiliated in any of the Socialists' meetings—what information I have I got it from Socialists.

I would prefer that you do not publish my letter, as I do not wish to enter the arms of politics at this time. Even

if it was published, I do not think it advisable to publish it over my own signature,—because I am serving as rural letter carrier, under the civil service regulations, and, as you know, postal officials are not permitted to enter into a political controversy, and if the Department should come into possession of an article over my signature it might result in an investigation, and I think more of my "job" than politics. You doubtless are aware that carriers are serving patrons of various political and religious persuasions, and I do not have time to enter into discussion of politics, even if permitted.

You might use extracts from my letter.

I believe that Socialism is of foreign origin, is subversive of free government, is opposed to American institutions, and leads to demagogism.

Carl Marx, Knox and others taught and advocated the destruction of the Christian religion, is in favor of Free-love-ism, and the destruction of the chastity and virtue of the fair maidens of our land, and ultimately leads to infidelity. Oh, how I detest and abhor such doctrine.

I thank you for your letter.

Yours truly,

A FRIEND.

TAFT, AND THE GROWING POWER OF ROMANISM.

There be those who think President Taft entered upon the duties of the presidency better prepared than any man since the days of John Adams II., having been trained in the school for statesmen covering a period of many years. In proof of which it is pointed out that his father is judge and former cabinet officer, he himself a successful lawyer and appointee of President McKinley, a right hand man for Roosevelt, and rightful successor to the throne in general. But as all our Lincolns do not come from the universities, so it may be that not always those who receive the masters degree for statesmanship succeed in White Houses and high cabinet office positions. On the other hand it might be pointed out, the psychological effect of being on familiar and speaking acquaintance with despotic Czars of Russia and Holy Papas in Rome would be bad, especially from the standpoint of Liberty in its fullest sense, which has been our proud boast since our government was instituted. Too familiar an acquaintance with such personages might be a detriment to carrying out the principle of "Government of the people, for the people, by the people".

But coming more specifically to our point, there would seem on slight study ample reason for saying that the Church of Rome is having more to do with our government these days than most people think. That this power is silent and creeping makes it none the less powerful, and has every appearance of presenting a serious problem along which lines our American public ought to be informed.

Roman Catholicism has hitched its monstrous self upon every government of the East, and the result of this combination has been so blighting to the best interests of the people, that one by one, as they become powerful enough, they cast off her yoke to become independent states and nations. Even Italy, robed and starred with Roman Catholicism, and reaping the greatest material benefits from the existence of the Church, of any nation, seeks not to become again encumbered with the intricacies of the government of Catholicism, or be subject to it. England, Germany, Scotland, France, have each had their turn, and Spain, now encamped in the bulwark of Romanism, is planning how she can become free and independent.

That these United States have failed to learn these lessons, as they surely must have, after having learned so many, seems the pity. As much as we spurn aristocratic Eastern rulers and potentates and their suggestions, they could easily teach us the blighting curses of Romanism.

The Roman authorities, after having lost power in their share of government of the Eastern countries, turn naturally to this the strongest of all Western countries and seek to have her power enthroned. Of course no one doubts that these are the ambitions of Romanism, since she is seeking to encompass the whole earth, and has actually enjoyed this share of power with strong Eastern nations.

America being the home of liberty and freedom, an avowedly open plan to entrap the government of its strongest na-

tion would immediately be repelled; but the fact, generally conceded, that one able statesman was defeated for the presidency because of his open opposition to the progress of Romanism in America, and the further fact that the chief who now resides in the White House has catered to the desires of rulers of Romanism, both during and after the last national campaign, is proof enough that Romanism has something to do today in the formation of our government, especially in regard to the election of national officials. The fact that should our President die, or be assassinated, a Roman Catholic would then officiate as President of these United States, does not lessen our argument that Romanism, as a national power in the United States, is growing, and is growing rapidly. An avowed ambition of Romanism is to have a Roman Catholic elected President, and while they have not yet succeeded, yet they have a great deal to be encouraged over. That James S. Sherman is a Roman Catholic, a Church which requires a vow of hostility to every Republican or independent form of government, has been little noted. Not that a man's religion is an objection to his political aspirations, but because of what Romanism hopes to accomplish through a man of their faith being President of the United States. The time may come when the ringing prophecies of James G. Blaine, himself an opposer of this growing religious monopoly in our country, will have to be heard. James G. Blaine felt the pang of Romanism in the heart of his political life, and President Taft, we aver, is not unconscious of its influence and power. To some the idea may be absurd, but to dream of power over the United States Government is not too momentous for a Roman Pope.

But, of course, Taft is a liberal Unitarian and he would be far from subjecting himself to anything that would tend to an increase of the power of Roman Catholicism in America. Yes, to be sure. But upon second thought, Taft's religion and church affiliations do not count for much, since Taft and his administration are for the trusts and moneyed power, and Taft is himself for office. Romanism's power to give some votes to elect Taft to office is what would count in the scale of Taft and is why Taffey is catering to Rome. No patriotism, no political principle, no supreme desire to reform evils: simply Taft for Rome for what votes Rome can tender him and then Taft for the big corporations. There you have it.

But has our President had any live wire connection with Rome these days, and can we be sure of it? That is the main question to answer. Let's see.

Most of us remember Taft's visit to and interview with the Pope at Rome a few years ago, when he half apologized to the Pope for the fact that at present there was considerable sentiment against the union of Church and State over in America. His exact words as reported are: "At present there is strong sentiment against the union of Church and State, but there is nothing to obstruct the growth of the Church in America."

A liberal interpretation of the foregoing might be that although there is strong sentiment against such union now, yet there may come a time when such sentiment will not exist, for the "Church can progress" and of course devour a majority of such sentiment. That is the one interpretation of progress. And again Taft, after spending some years in the Philippines, lording over those islands of the Pacific, came home to run for President and wrote a pamphlet commendatory of the mission work of the Roman Catholic Church in the Philippines. This, remember, right on the eve of the campaign.

As I am writing, President Taft is on his Western trip "In defense of the Tariff Bill", and the papers are surprising us with sermons Taft is preaching, and cornerstones Taft is laying, the main of which are cornerstones for Catholic institutions, and have been in process of waiting for our President to come around. Of course, in this regard Taft is rightful successor to him who tried to secure for Archbishop Ireland a "Red Hat".

And to this list we should not omit the fact of that beneficent Catholic relative, a woman, who contributed the neat little sum of one million dollars to the election of President Taft.

In these days when a limitation of the freedom of the press is being whispered

of; editors are being tried for revealing the scandals of government; recommendations are coming from the White House to limit the powers of self-government of our dependencies, already cramped, yet no reason except a cartoon; when infamous tariff bills are being made law; when candidates for the presidency are talking with Roman Popes about the union of Church and State; in brief, when American prelates are assuring the Holy Father "that America will soon be ours", it is about time for us to begin looking about to redeem our country.

REV. ORMAN T. HEADLY.

WILL TAKE UP CATHOLIC QUESTION LATER.

DEAR SIR:—In a recent number of the *American Citizen*, of Boston, a strong anti-Catholic paper, I see a long quotation from you concerning the anti-American Roman Catholic Church. You are the most prominent man in politics who has spoken out on this subject, so far as I know. Make that a special study, brother, and continue to warn your countrymen of their danger. To help in fighting our common foe, I have written "Open Letters to Roosevelt on Roman Catholicism", and send you one in this mail, thinking that perhaps you may get a point or two which will help you. Go on in your work, and may God be with you.

Yours for free America,
D. A. SOMMER.

Findlay, Ill., Sept. 2, 1909.

TWO OUT OF THREE IN AMERICA DO NOT EVEN CLAIM TO BE CHRISTIANS.

DEAR SIR:—I inclose you some anti-Foreign Mission ammunition, if you need any more. The diagram is a terrible arraignment of those misguided Foreign Missionary zealots.

It looks to me like these people have practically acknowledged their failure to Christianize their home folk and are raising the hue and cry about the niggers and chinks, etc., to cover their failure and furnish an excuse for their existence.

About twenty-five years ago, I chanced to read the report of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Society about work done in India, and I figured it out that each convert had cost them $1,500. Right there my enthusiasm for foreign missionary work as it is carried on dropped below zero and has never reached normal since.

Yours truly,
G. E. MELLIFF.

San Antonio, Texas, Sept. 6, 1909.

EDITOR'S COMMENT.

We are glad to get help in a good cause. The material which Mr. Melliff sent gave the awful facts of child slavery in the United States; and the further information that only 32,000,000 out of the 90,000,000 people of this country make any claim to be Christians.

And lots of those who pretend to be, might as well not, so far as their lives are concerned.

The trouble with the Church is, that so few Christians put Christianity into their lives. Our religion is too much of one-day-in-the-week affair.

LETTER TO CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS ON MONEY QUESTION.

DEAR SIR:—I do not really know why I should have been astonished at the receipt of your esteemed favor of the twelfth instant, except that I did not look for that line of "argument" from an adult scion of a family as distinguished as yours.

If my correspondent had been a fourteen-year-old boy, I would have simply recommended one of the schools so freely advertised in the magazines, where political science is taught. There he might get much needed information.

I am sure you will concede that you are still young enough yourself to learn and profit by a silent conference with the dead who still live in their books. You might begin with Aristotle and come down the ages with Ricardo, Jevons, J. S. Mills, Adam Smith and even to the Americans (some of whom know something of finance) Prof. Summer, General Walker, and others, all of whom, dead as they are, still are capable, I am sure, of teaching students of your school something about political economy and monetary science, although the tone of your letter would seem to indicate that there may be room for doubt.

I am sure that Alexander Hamilton, who was something of a financier himself, would hardly agree with you. I might refer you, too, to Abraham Lincoln, whose remarks to Schuyler Colfax on the eve of his trip to the Rocky

Mountains where silver, with infinite labor, is dug out of the reluctant earth, are frequently quoted. Mr. Lincoln did not know that silver would make "cheap money," but on the contrary, believed that it would make a valuable and honest medium of exchange with which our enormous debt might be paid. But the "high financiers" of Wall Street and of Christendom knew a trick worth two of that, which cunning artifice is well described in the work of Alexander Majors, a copy of which chapter will be cheerfully sent to you, if you will take the trouble to read it.

I hardly think you can be old enough to have lived during the quarter of a century previous to the dropping of the silver dollar from coinage, when the mints of the United States were open to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at a ratio of sixteen to one without protest or objection and "parity" had never been heard of.

If any philosopher in the United States at that time, even as eminent as yourself, had ventured to pronounce metallic money "cheap money" and bank-notes "sound money" his friends would have called a commission of lunatico inquirendo.

Even now in 1909, the European banker and financier smile with infinite satisfaction and with "ghoulish glee" at the attitude of the American who sneers at sixteen to one, for to them it means simply that American legislation has enabled them for thirty-five years to buy silver bullion in the United States market at fifty cents per ounce and dispose of it at $1.33. "Only this and nothing more."

Pretty nice little profit, don't you think? He has the right to chuckle at our stupidity.

To us of the Monetary League, it would seem quite as sensible to compel the American farmer by legislative enactment to sell his wheat to foreign consumers at fifty cents per bushel.

Your exquisite sarcasm is very amusing but not convincing. The same kind of "argument" was much in evidence during the campaign of 1896 by the political demagogues of the period, but dropped when the occasion had passed. To renew it in private correspondence is to insult the intelligence of your correspondent. I might retort but prefer to treat you with proper courtesy.

Your sinister suggestion that "You (the U. S. Monetary League) should have free coinage of iron," etc., is grotesque and was probably intended to be funny, but for fear that no irony was intended, but that you really want information, I take pleasure in explaining that the principal and perhaps the only reason why we do not advocate the free coinage of iron is because there is so much of it and that it is not needed. If it was as scarce as silver, it would indeed furnish a satisfactory medium of exchange if made a "legal tender for all debts, public and private." So indeed would clamshells if limited in volume.

It is the difficulty in grasping this fact that tangles up so many otherwise brilliant intellects.

As gold and silver have been coined into money at a ratio fixed by law since the dawn of history, it ill becomes any American, whose country is the greatest producer of silver on earth, to sneer at a policy which would enable us to derive millions of additional revenue by the sale of it to foreigners at the highest possible price, the same as we treat other products of American industry.

There is another aspect of the silver question you seem to have entirely overlooked.

Mr. James J. Hill, of the Great Northern Railway, says: "The silver problem is full of difficulties. But our consuls in Asia warn us that, at the present rate of silver exchange, Asia has ceased to import our wheat or flour or lumber; that Shanghai merchants who eighteen months ago bought the sovereign or five gold dollars with five taels must now pay nearly eight taels. The result is a disaster. He no longer buys."

Mr. John Hays Hammond said in a public interview, "To retain our supremacy in the Orient we must restore bimetallism."

My dear sir, it is incredible that the gold monometalist has absorbed all the financial wisdom in the world. The shrewd and sagacious Jap understands the money question as well, perhaps, as any American except, let us say, The Reform Club. He has not yet found out that silver money is "cheap money," since he still buys with it the same

amount of all the products of Japanese industry as he did before the great powers went to the gold standard. He also buys the same number of hours of Japanese and Chinese labor as before British and American financiers pointed out to him the error of his ways in not adopting the gold standard, too, but he was "wise to the scheme," and to forestall trouble, quietly held on to his silver yen and made "cheap money" out of his gold yen by cutting it into two equal parts and coining a yen out of each moiety. In this way he got the laugh on those smart financiers who stood expectant, intending to fleece this innocent lamb as they did his American brother. Full of chagrin at the failure of their well-planned scheme of plunder, the disappointed financiers promptly telegraphed all over the world, to deceive the unthinking populace and the reform clubs, "Japan has adopted the gold standard!"

The astute Jap smiled grimly at the amusing subterfuge but said nothing. He is a reticent little cuss, anyhow.

I freely admit that, as a representative of the Monetary League, I would, if necessary to promote our trade with the Orient and the rest of mankind, advocate the free coinage of iron or clamshells and would not let the absurd theories of the "gold-bug" stand for a moment in the way of getting it if I could.

In his argument the other day on the interminable tariff question Aldrich, of Rhode Island, expressed a fear of Japanese competition with our manufacturing industries and called the attention of the Senate to the "six cents a day labor," as he puts it, in Japan. He said: "Japan today has four large manufactories in operation and it would be hard to say what would be the result if, in the next ten years, Japan should go extensively into the manufacture of cotton."

Under existing financial conditions, it is not "hard to say" that "the result will be" that Japan will, sooner or later, be pouring cargo after cargo of cotton goods not only, but manufactures of wool and iron and steel into United States seaports on both oceans, which importations our ridiculous money system certainly invites.

Does Aldrich think he can keep them out by a tariff against "six cents a day labor"? James J. Hill has plainly told why he can not.

Again you say, "You (the Monetary League) should consider a proposition that every man's check should be declared a full legal tender in payment of all debts, public and private." Why do you say this to us? It would certainly be "illogical," from our point of view, for we have never intimated by direct expression or by implication, immediate or remote, that we believed that any power on earth has the right to coin, or create in any other way, any money, legal tender or other for use in the United States, except the government thereof. It is your school, not ours, which would delegate this privilege to a gang of piratical bankers. We would take it away from them altogether, and, as the Congress of the United States has legislated the legal tender quality into the greenback and the Supreme Court has pronounced the act constitutional, we do not want to impeach the wisdom and good judgment of these higher powers, but believe and acquiesce in their doctrine and invoke your aid and that of the Reform Club in preventing the rape of the sovereign powers by the aforesaid bankers, which is the mission of the Monetary Commission.

It is an axiom that, whoever controls the money of a country controls its government, its industries and its destiny.

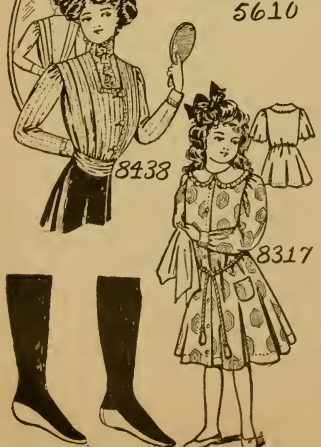
To enable the plutocratic bankers referred to to climb up the few remaining rounds of the ladder necessary to reach this lofty eminence, the commission will report next winter the desirability, nay, the necessity, of "redeeming" the silver dollar in gold and the "retirement" of the greenback. How much power or influence, do you think, will be left to the "plain people" (using this designation in the same sense Abraham Lincoln used it) when its purpose is accomplished?

I enclose a booklet reprinted from the Philadelphia North American, a good Republican paper (which, by the way, still continues to support the party which passed the Aldrich-Vreeland bill), which will show you why we prefer the greenback to the national banknote or the check of any individual, whether signed by Charles F. Adams or John D. Rockefeller. Very truly yours,

L. E. Perkins,

Vice-President U. S. Monetary League.

Denver, Colorado.



NO. 8327—GIRL'S SAILOR DRESS WITH REMOVABLE SHIELD.

A pretty frock for school wear is a sailor dress. This design is supplied with a sailor collar with square ends outlining the neck opening and the shield is decorated with an embroidered emblem. Blue serge or Panama will be pretty for this model, with the collar and shield, cuffs and belt of white trimmed with blue or red soutache braid. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 4 3-8 yards of 27-inch material for the 8-year size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

NOS. 8570-8572—A MODISH GOWN.

The charming costume illustrated lends itself to a wide range of materials, such as mohair, poplin, Henrietta cloth, pongee and satin. The present development is chiffon broadcloth, trimmed with bands of satin and satin-covered buttons. The low, round neck is finished by a Dutch collar, laced together in front by a gold cord with tassel or ornaments. The yoke and standing collar is of tucked net. The skirt is one of the new plaited models in Princess panel effect in front. The upper part fits closely to the figure in prevailing style. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22 to 32 inches, waist measure. Size 26 requires 4 1-2 yards of 44-inch material. The waist runs from 32 to 42 inches, bust measure, and requires 2 1-4 yards of 44-inch material.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns, a waist and a skirt, and will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8543—A PRETTY MORNING DRESS.

For morning wear there is nothing that quite takes the place of a comfortably fitted wrapper. This one is cut on excellent lines, and is adapted to a variety of materials. The front fulness is laid in fine tucks to about yoke depth, and a round collar completes the neck. Full length sleeves ending in narrow bands or shorter ones finished by a frill of lace are both included in the pattern. The fulness is held in place around the waist by a ribbon tied in front, but a belt of the material will do as well. Cashmere, challis, albatross and percale are all suitable for reproduction. For 36-inch bust measure 9 yards of 36-inch material will be required. Sizes 32 to 42 inches, bust measure.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8555—BOY'S BLOUSE.

The illustration shows a blouse for the growing boy, cut on easy, comfortable lines, and adaptable to the washable suitings, such as linen and percale. The sleeves are made in the regulation way and the neck is finished by the popular turn-down collar attached to a band. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 6 to 12 years. The 8-year size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in stamps or silver.

NO. 8438—LADIES' WAIST.

A yoke effect of tucked chiffon, net or of lace is always becoming. The waist here shown is an excellent design for chiffon voile, messaline, chiffon taffeta, faile, or other dress fabrics. The high collar may be of the same material as the yoke. The sleeves are small and finished with a square cuff. The fulness of the waist is disposed of in deep-stitched plaits. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches, bust measure. It requires 3 5-8 yards of 24-inch material for the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

(Continued on page iv.)

1910
WATSON'S MAGAZINE

SOCIALISM — Mr. Watson will conclude his damning indictment. He will deal with the origin of private property, and will examine and tear to pieces the Socialist Bible, Karl Marx's "Capital".

ROMAN CATHOLICISM — Following his case against Socialism, Mr. Watson will write a series of articles, laying bare the foul and bloody record of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy, and emphasizing the people's danger in allowing them to usurp authority in America.

STORY OF THE SOUTH AND WEST — This splendid story, which Mr. Watson will begin in the Magazine during 1910, will go down to posterity as one of the great literary achievements of the age. It will be dramatic, tender and true. It will set a crown of glory on our beloved Southland and the vast Empire of the West.

NAPOLEON UP TO DATE — From Napoleon's letters to Josephine, and from a great mass of recently published material, Mr. Watson has made a new and remarkable pen picture of this marvelous man, which will appear in *Watson's* for 1910.

WATSONESQUE SKETCHES — Each issue of 1910 will contain one of those charming personal, biographical, or historical sketches, which have made the name of Tom Watson beloved among literary folk throughout the world.

ANDREW JACKSON — Mr. Watson now begins the most interesting period of his story. In seeking for the causes which led up to the Civil War he opens up new historical paths, and clears the ground of the rubbish and falsehood which have been dumped upon it by Northern and partisan writers. These were the dramatic years, of keenest interest to us today, in the light of present and coming events, when Jackson fought the proposed Central Bank, and smashed it; and waged relentless war upon the robber Tariff.

THE DARK CORNER — The fascinating plot of this story of Southern life today will be developed and ended in 1910.

SURVEY OF THE WORLD — These illuminating comments, illustrated by cartoons, form a complete history of the most noteworthy events of the month.

FICTION AND POETRY — The short stories and poetry will be well up to the standard. Many a happy little tale of human interest has been arranged for publication in *Watson's Magazine* for 1910.

Subscription and Renewal Price, $1.00 a Year

WATSON'S MAGAZINE, Thomson, Ga.

NO. 5610—LADIES' CIRCULAR SHORT PETTICOAT.

Nainsook trimmed with embroidered flouncing is shown in this design for an underskirt. The smooth adjustment over the hips renders it especially desirable for wear with the close-fitting skirts now so fashionable. The pattern provides for habit style, or inverted box-pleat in the back, or plain gathers if desired. The use of the yoke is optional, as the skirt is fitted by darts. Cambric, linen, wash silk and flannel are all used in making garments of this kind. The medium size will require 4 7-8 yards of 36-inch material. Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches, waist measure.

The pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

NO. 5769—PATTERN FOR REFOOTING STOCKINGS.

The usefulness of this pattern will be apparent at once to the economical woman, as it is well known that the soles of stockings wear out long before the leg portion, and have to be darned over and over again. This pattern gives two different soles, both equally good, and shaped so that the seams will not cause any discomfort to the wearer, as darned stockings sometimes do. Expensive silk stockings may be made to do duty twice as long when refooted in this way. The upper part of the old stockings will cut the soles for a pair. Sizes for 8, 9 and 10 inches.

The pattern here illustrated will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents.

NO. 8317—LITTLE GIRL'S WRAPPER OR BATHROBE.

Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. The 8-year size will require 3 1-2 yards of 27-inch material. A comfortable little wrapper or bathrobe, such as the one here pictured, is a needed possession and every little girl's wardrobe should include one. Eiderdown, outing, and French flannel are all used for the making, while for warm weather, lawn and dimity might be used.

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